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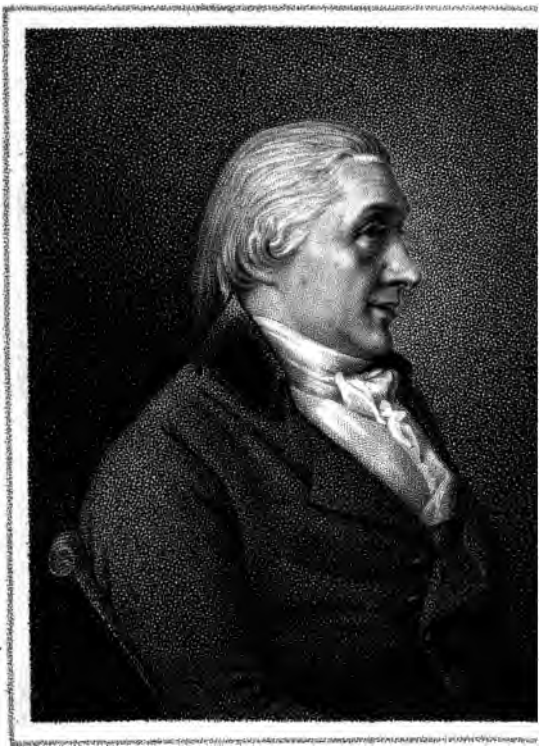

Hector Macneill Esqr.

Published by Longman & Cº Jan.y 20th 1806.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.

A NEW EDITION,

CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

Veritatis simplex oratio est.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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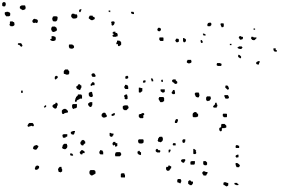

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

HIS MUCH BELOVED AND LAMENTED FRIEND,

JAMES CURRIE, M. D.

THE

FOLLOWING POEMS,

AS

A LAST TRIBUTE TO HIS VIRTUES,

ARE INSCRIBED

BY

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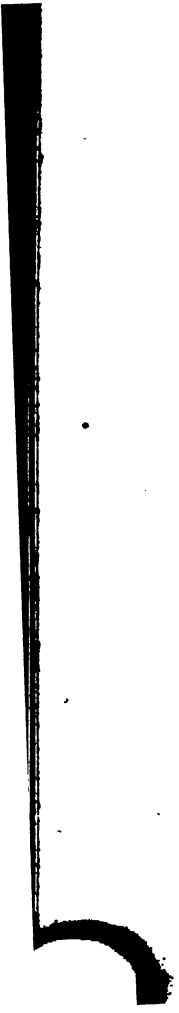

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TO

THIS EDITION.

In this edition there will be found some pieces which are not in the author's former collection; together with some alterations and amendments, which, in justice to himself, and as a mark of attention to an indulgent public, he considered necessary in the final correction of his poetical works.

It may perhaps be proper to notice, that the pieces now added, are, Verses on Dr Doig; the Pleasures of Ambition; Jack and Nancy; the Rose o' Kirtle, and some additional Scots Songs, marked with an asterisk *. The Poems are likewise now arranged nearly in the order in which they were originally written; which not only forms a separate collection of all the Scotch and English compositions, but enables the reader to turn readily to the volumes in which all the pieces written in these respective languages are inserted.

Edin. 20th Dec. 1805.

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TO

THE FIRST EDITION.

SOME of the poems in the following collection, the public have already seen, and received with flattering attention; others have occasionally appeared in different periodical publications in a very incorrect state, while many of the songs, set to music, have, for a number of years back, been exposed to sale in the music shops. As a few of the most popular and important pieces have for some time past been out of print, and are, it seems, still in request, I have at length yielded to the repeated solicitations of the Edinburgh booksellers, and selected all the poetical productions I mean to acknowledge, with the view of their being printed in two volumes, which, I am told, are shortly to be presented to the public.

A considerable part of the English pieces inserted in the present collection, were written at a time

of life when imagination too often triumphs over judgment, and passion rejects the sober aid of criticism. Apology for insignificant productions, written at an early period, has nothing to do with this observation, since to present fruits that are insipid or ill-flavoured, merely on account of their immaturity, is surely a sorry compliment to the taste of a discerning public. On the present occasion, I am apprehensive I have been influenced more by a gratification of my own taste, than an anxiety to gratify that of others. There are certain events in the early stages of life, which, on a retrospect, interest and charm perhaps beyond any other.—Among these, scenes and circumstances annexed to youth and passion, cannot fail to be remembered with peculiar pleasure, while the occasional and unpremeditated effusions which commemorate the joys that are past, and the friends that are no more, become, even with their faults, the children of our affection. These, however, have been examined with some care, and, I would fain hope, with *some* impartiality. Many, with a sigh, have been consigned to oblivion; but, on a general review of my poetical offspring, I cannot deny, that, while I fancied some puny and unpromising, I was incapable

of excluding them from the *last and only* protection I had to offer. If, in this parental weakness, I have been in fault, it is hoped that the error will be attributed to no other cause. The *cacoethes carpendi* cannot surely attach to one who has so long resisted solicitations to collect, far less the silly vanity of exhibiting to the world what diffidence has so long taught him to conceal.

EDIN. *June* 1801.

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The following Verses possess such merit, and are so fine a tribute to the memory of a deceased and favourite Scottish Poet, that, rather than withhold them from the lovers of genuine poetry, the Author thus subjects himself to the imputation of vanity in publishing the elegant, though unmerited, compliment they contain.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO

HECTOR MACNEILL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF WILL AN' JEAN.

'The daisy flower may blaw unseen
On mountain tap—in valley green!
The rose alane, in native sheen,
Its head may raise!
Nae musing bardie now, I ween,
To sing their praise!

'Nae pensive minstrel wight we see
Gang saunt'ring o'er the claver lee!
The fireflaughts dartin' frae his ee
The wilds amang!
Wha native freaks wi' native glee
Sae sweetly sang!

'His was the gift, wi' magic power,
To catch the thought in happy hour;
To busk his verse wi' ilka flower
O' fancy sweet!
An' paint the birk or brushwood bower,
Whar lovers meet!

'But now he fills his silent ha'!
My sweetest minstrel's fled awa!—
Yet shall his weel-worn laurels blaw
Through future days,
Till weary time in flenders a'
The warld lays!'

Such *was* the dowie plaint o' wae
Which Scotia made by bank an' brae,
Whan Burns—(puir Burns!) was ta'en away,
And laid at rest!—
(Green grow the grass!—light lie the clay
Upon his breast!)

But *now* she draps the waefu' tale,
And notes o' transport fill the gale;
Nae langer down the silent vale
She lanely mourns,
And to her cheek, ance lily pale,
The rose returns!

The streaks o' joy glint in her face,
Thy steps, Macneill, sweet bard! to trace;
To mark wi' nature's peerless grace
Thy blossoms blaw!
Happy to see thee fill the place
O' him awa!

How sairlie does her bosom beat
At puir misfortune's wretched state!
While tracing WILL through poortith great
And prospects drear!
And at thy JEANIE's hapless fate
She draps a tear!

Then mark, sweet minstrel o' the day!
Thy Scotia's sons an' maidens gay;
Her deep wild glens; her mountains grey,
Wi' misty head;
And eke her ilka sunny brae
Wi' flow'rs o'erspread!

What time alane thou may'st retire,
May these thy fairy thoughts inspire,
And set thy manly saul on fire
In Scotia's praise;
And mak thee strike thy native lyre
To saftest lays!

To wake the pangs Despair maun dree,
Whan driven houseless o'er the lee;
To strike the strings o' Sympathie
Whan griefs combine;
To start the tear in Pity's ee—
The task be thine.

Edinburgh,
October 11. 1799.

RICHARD GAI

THE HARP,

A LEGENDARY TALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

Smeirg a loisgeadh a thiompan ria.

TO THE READER.

THE writer of the present poem thinks it necessary to acquint the public, that it is founded on a short traditionary story, which reached him by the following accidental circumstance. A gentleman in Perthshire, well known for his researches into antiquity and national character *, chancing, while on a tour to the Hebrides, to hear some person say, "I'll never burn my harp for a woman †," took occasion to ask the meaning of the proverb.—He received for answer, a simple unadorned tale, somewhat similar to the groundwork of the present poem; the singularity of which struck him so forcibly, that he committed it to writing. On a visit, some years ago, to a

* Mr Ramsay of Ochtertyre.

† "Smeirg a loisgeadh a thiompan ria."

friend * who had accidentally seen the manuscript, he related this little artless story to the author, and, with his usual glow of colouring, diffused such an air of novelty and passion over it, as to suggest an idea, that something interesting might be made of it in verse. The first part was written shortly after, but the author's sudden departure from Europe, put a stop for some time to any further attempt; although he must confess, inclination repeatedly disposed him to finish what he had begun. A tedious passage home, furnished him with ample opportunities to gratify this propensity—his residence in Britain since his arrival, has enabled him to receive the opinion of his friends, and to avail himself of their strictures.

Having thus given a short account of his Harp, the author now presents it to the world, with that

* The late Mr Graham of Gartmore.

mixture of hope and diffidence which the partiality of friends, and the uncertainty of public approbation, naturally excite. Of its merits he shall say nothing. In an age, and in a country, however, so highly cultivated as the present, one observation may not be improper. Should the poem in some instances appear too irregular and abrupt in its construction, the author begs it may not be imputed to inadvertency, but design. His aim was to render his tale rather interesting than regular, and animated rather than correct. Nature and passion indeed, were his chief objects; and as these can never derive such energy from descriptive as from dramatic composition, it is almost unnecessary for him to observe, that the Ancient Ballad has been his model.

Edinburgh,
April 15. 1789

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Bright flam'd the fragments as he spoke:
One parting sigh his Harp he gave:
The storm drench'd faggots blaze through smoke
And snatch his Mora from the grave!

Published as the Act directs by Longman & Rees. 1 Jan.y 1806.

THE HARP.

PART I.

STILL'D is the tempest's blust'ring roar;
Hoarse dash the billows of the sea;—
But who on Kilda's dismal shore
Cries—"Have I burnt my Harp for thee!"

'Tis COL, wild raving to the gale,
That howls o'er heath, and blasted lea;
Still as he eyes the lessening sail,
Cries—"Have I burnt my Harp for thee!"—

—Bright was thy fame in Bara's isle,
Sweet bard! where many a rival sung;
Oft hadst thou waked the tear and smile,
As soft thy Harp melodious rung:

Oft hadst thou touched the female heart,
(To love, I ween! and pity true)
Till MORA came to hear thy art;—
MORA, with eye of softening blue.

The maid he prized above the throng,
That pressed to hear his raptured strain;—
The maid, who melted at the song,
But trifled with a lover's pain:

Long had he borne the treach'rous smile,
That cherished hope, and left despair;
The promised bliss, which female guile
As oft dispersed in empty air;

Till shunned by every constant maid;
Condemned by friends; by kindred prest;
Deceitful thus, in smiles arrayed,
MORA the sorrowing youth addrest:

"Too long, O COL! in plaintive moan
Thou'st strung thy Harp to strains divine;—
Add but two strings of varied tone,
This heart, this yielding heart, is thine."

Two strings the youth, with anxious care,
Half doubtful, to his Harp applies;
And oft, in vain, he turns each air,
And oft each varying note he tries;

At length (unrivalled in his art!)
With new-born sounds the valley rings;—
Col claims his Mora's promised heart,
As deep he strikes the varied strings!

Three moons, three honied moons, are past
Since Col, enraptured, laughed at care;
And oft the tuneful Harp he blest,
That won a nymph so good and fair:

Till mindful of those tender ties,
That fashion's sons would blush to name;
With softened voice, and melting sighs,
He thus accosts his peerless dame:

"Three months, dear partner of my bliss!
Three fleeting months have shed their charms,
Since first I snatched the bridal kiss,
And clasped perfection to my arms:

"Yet happiness, however true,
Must fade, if selfish and confined;—
Your friends now claim affections due;
The kindred transports of the mind!

" Each parent mourns our cold delay;
They think of MORA with a tear:
The gale invites—at early day
To Cana's sea-beat shore we steer."

The morn blushed fair; mild blew the gale;
The lark to heaven light warbling springs;
COL smiles with love, spreads quick the sail,
And sweeps with ravished heart the strings!

But ah! how short the transient gleams,
That light with joy the human breast!—
The tempest raves, and wildly screams
Each frighted sea-fowl to her nest.

High rage the billows of the deep,
That lately rolled serenely mild,
And dashed near Kilda's awful steep;
Col clasps his love with horror wild.

For cold's the form, o'er which he hung
With raptured eye the morn before;
And mute and tuneless is the tongue,
That charmed so late on Bara's shore;

And pale and lifeless is the cheek,
That glowed so late with rosy hue;
The eye, that melting joys could speak,
Is closed!—the eye of soft'ning blue.

Hard with the furious surge he strove,
His love and fav'rite Harp to save;
Till deep in Crona's sea-worn cove,
He bears them safe from storm and wave.

But cove, nor love's assiduous care
Could ebbing life's warm tide restore!—
Pale, wet, and speechless lay the fair
On Kilda's bleak and stormy shore.

Oft, oft her breathless lips of clay
With frantic cries he fondly prest;
And while a senseless corse she lay,
He strained her madly to his breast.—

But who can paint with pencil true
The scene, when sighs first struggling stole
(Which thus by magic love he drew)
Deep lab'ring from her fluttering soul!

"She breathes!—she lives!" the minstrel cried,
"Life has not fled this beauteous form!—
Protecting heaven, some aid provide!—
Shield—shield my trembler from the storm!

"No roof its friendly smoke displays!—
No storm-scaped faggot, turf, nor tree—
No shrub to yield one kindly blaze,
And warm my love to life and me!

" Dark grows the night!—and cold and sharp
Beat wind, and hail, and drenching rain!
Nought else remains—I'll burn my Harp!"
He cries, and breaks his Harp in twain.

" For thee, O MORA! oft it rung,
To guard thee from each rival's art;
And now, though broken and unstrung,
It guards from death thy constant heart."

Bright flamed the fragments as he spoke;
One parting sigh his Harp he gave:
The storm-drenched faggots blaze through smoke,
And snatch his MORA from the grave.

PART II.

Now heedless raved the stormy night,
For instant terror frowned no more,
And cheerful blazed the spreading light
Round Kilda's dark and dismal shore;

And cheerful smiled the grateful pair,
And talked of death and dangers past,—
When loud the voice of wild despair
Came rushing on the midnight blast.

Chill horror seized each lover's heart.—
"Ah me! what dismal sounds draw near!—
Defend us, heaven!" with sudden start
Cried MORA, thrilled with frantic fear.

One hand supports his trembling wife,
The other grasps his trusty glave;
"My Harp," he cries, "has given thee life,
And *this*, that precious life shall save!"

"No danger comes," deep sighed a form,
As near the cave it shiv'ring stood;
"A stranger, shipwrecked by the storm,
Implores the gen'rous and the good;

"No danger comes—ah me! forlorn!
A wretch by woes and tempests tost!—
From love, from friends, and kindred torn,
And dashed on Kilda's frightful coast!

"Restless with grief, at op'ning day
For Lewis' isle I spread the sail;
Sweet rose the lark with cheerful lay,
And sweetly blew the flatt'ring gale!

"Ah fate relentless! thus to cheat
With baneful lure and treach'rous smile!—
Were human suff'rings not complete
Till wrecked on Kilda's desert isle!

" Lured by the light that gleams afar,
With fainting steps these cliffs I prest:—
O! may it prove a polar star,
And guide to pity's shelt'ring breast!"

Quick from his grasp the falchion flies,
As COL each opening arm extends;
" Approach, ill fated youth!" he cries,
" Here—here are none but suff'ring friends!

" Like thee, we hailed the matin song,
The flatt'ring gale, and faithless tide!—
How sweet! by zephyrs borne along,
My Harp and MORA by my side!

" Why starts the youth?—approach—draw near.
Behold the wreck of storm and wave.—
'Tis all that's left—my Harp so dear
I burned, that fair one's life to save!"

First pale, then crimson grew his cheek,
And sorely shook his manly frame!
His fault'ring tongue refused to speak,
Save to repeat his MORA's name—

A name, which oft had charmed his ear,
And e'en from childhood grew more sweet;
A name, which love had rendered dear,
And sorrow taught him to repeat!

Long had he nursed the kindling flame,
Long, long possessed her virgin heart;
But party feuds and discord came,
And forced the tend'rest pair to part.

Torn hapless thus from all he loved,
The wretched wand'rer left his home;
From isle to isle incessant roved;—
His only wish—to idly roam!

Oft had he braved the tempest's war,
Unaided in his slender bark;
Oft lonely steered by some faint star,
That glimmered through th' involving dark;

Oft, oft uncertain whither driven,
Or near some rock, or breaker borne;
He'd quit his helm to guiding heaven,
And sigh his cheerless lot till morn!

Oft had the wild heath been his bed,
On some lone hill, or craggy steep;
While light'nings flashed around his head,
And eagles screamed his woes asleep.

Thus passed his wand'ring life away,
"A wretch by woes and tempests tost,"
Till fortune, in her changeful play,
Wrecked him on Kilda's fatal coast.

Ah! little thought he, while he strove
'Gainst whelming wave and rocky shore,
Yon light would guide him to his love,
For whom these ceaseless ills he bore!

"Why starts the youth!—approach—draw near;
Behold the wreck of storm and wave!—
'Tis all that's left!—my Harp so dear
I burned, that fair one's life to save!"

A glance from MORA's speaking eye
Half calmed the fond youth's labouring breast.
The tale goes round—the bleak winds sigh,
And COL mistrustless sinks to rest.

Ah! how could cold distrust possess
A breast so gen'rous, kind, and true!
A heart still melting to distress,
To love—false fair one! and to—you.

The morn arose with aspect drear,
The waves still dash with sullen roar.—
Col starts from rest—no Mora's near,
The treach'rous pair are far from shore!

From Kilda's cliff that towers on high,
He spies the white sail far at sea;
And, while the big tear fills each eye,
Cries, "Have I burned my Harp for thee!"

DONALD AND FLORA,

A BALLAD,

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA. 1778.

WHEN many hearts were gay,
Careless of aught but play,
Poor Flora slipt away
Sadd'ning to Mora *.
Loose flowed her golden hair,
Quick heaved her bosom bare,
As thus to the troubled air
She vented her sorrow:

* A retreat so named by the lovers.

Loud howls the stormy west,
Cold, cold is winter's blast:—
Haste then, O Donald, haste!
Haste to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'er
Since on a foreign shore
You promised to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

"Where now is Donald dear?"
Maids cry with taunting sneer;
"Say, is he still sincere
To his loved Flora?"
Parents upbraid my moan;
Each heart is turned to stone;—
Ah Flora! thou'rt now alone,
Friendless in Mora!

Come then, O come away!
Donald, no longer stay!—
Where can my rover stray
From his loved Flora?
Ah, sure he ne'er could be
False to his vows and me!—
Oh heav'ns! is not yonder he
Bounding o'er Mora!

"Never, O wretched fair,"
Sighed the sad messenger,
"Never shall Donald mair
Meet his loved Flora!
Cold as yon mountain snow
Donald thy love lies low!
He sent me to sooth thy woe,
Weeping in Mora.

"Well fought our valiant slain
On Saratoga's plain;
Thrice fled the hostile train
From British glory.
But ah! though our foes did flee,
Sad was each victory.
Youth, love, and loyalty,
Fell far from Mora!

"Here take this love-wrought plaid,"
Donald expiring said,
"Give it to yon dear maid
Drooping in Mora.
Tell her, O Allan, tell!
Donald thus bravely fell,
And that in his last farewell
He thought on his Flora.'

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then striking her bosom bare,
Sighed out " poor Flora!
Ah Donald!—ah well-a-day!"
Was all the fond heart could say.
At length the sound died away
Feebly on Mora.

TO

MRS PLEYDELL.

WITH A POT OF HONEY,

During the ferment occasioned by the Popish Bill of Toleration, 1779 *.

REMOVED, thank God! from fierce contentions;
Unknown to parties or CONVENTIONS;
Alike averse to rage and folly,
And foe to gloomy melancholy;
Amid confusion, war, and zeal,
Accept these lines from bard Macneill.

* This bill, so harmless, and indeed so laudable in its principles, occasioned, however, through fanaticism and intolerance, the burning of the Popish chapel in Edinburgh, and the dreadful conflagration in London.

When morning comes, my breakfast down,
Composed and wrapped in flannel gown,
Till Andrew * comes my brains to muddy,
I dedicate some hours to study.—
Behold me then, in elbow chair,
Turn o'er a leaf with serious air;
Or seized with strong poetic fit,
Compose some precious scrap of wit:—
Fired by the muse's melting strain,
I rise—sit down—get up again;
When 'midst my raptures, frisks, and capers,
Bounce! in comes Christy † with—the papers.

With some regret I drop the quill.—
Well!—what's the news?—the POPISH BILL.

* The hair-dresser. † The maid-servant.

Is Keppel tried?—a dull essay
From fierce I. A.* to sly John Hay*;
Has d'Estaing sailed?—"To show the better
What *papists* are, this day a letter,
Just from the press, which well explains
What hellish laws that sect maintains!"
Where's Byron?—"Murders!—popish tricks;
No faith!—no faith with heretics!"
Ashamed;—provoked in every page,
I curse the papers in a rage;
Start up and ring with all my might;
—Here!—take this nonsense from my sight!

* A nonjuring clergyman and a Roman priest. These two gentlemen kept up for some months a daily warfare in the public prints, which, together with advertisements of *protestant associations*, and pamphlets for and against popery, generally occupied nearly two-thirds of the newspapers.

Scarce have I banished raving faction,
Till in bolts J———y * in distraction.
" All—all is lost!—d'Estaing's gone forth!
God curse that headstrong blockhead North!
No scheme succeeds—we've no invention!—
This nation's ruined past redemption!
Our *fleets* are beat!—our *trade* is gone—
We'll be invaded ten to one—
Ecod! the French may come to-morrow—
It won't cause universal sorrow.—
They've many friends in this wise nation—
The POPISH BILL OF TOLERATION."—
Stop, Doctor!—stop!—"Why should I stop, pray!"
I'm really sick of bill of popery—

* A keen politician.

"The deuce you are!—your reasons?—eh!"—
Some other time—some other day.

Thus, doubly teased 'twixt saint and sinner,
An invitation comes to dinner:
To dress I run—thank heaven! I cry,
Some pious hearts are often dry;
A cheerful glass may work a wonder;
May still, perhaps, this papal thunder.—
O! grant us, Bacchus, wine that's strong!
Raise! Orpheus, raise the blithesome song!
Let PLEYDELL come, serenely gay!
And social mirth shall crown the day.
Flushed with fond hope, away I haste—
(Alas! why must I tell the rest!)

In spite of dishes, nice and rare,
In spite of wit—for you were there;
In spite of ale, punch, port, and sherry;
Though S—n sang, we ne'er were merry.
Ask you the cause? 'twas *indigestion*,
From one cursed sauce each dish was drest in;
For while we ate and drank our fill,
Still in our stomachs stuck the—BILL.
Ere since this feast, or popish revel,
I've been a poor tormented devil!
Where'er I popt my list'ning head;
Whate'er I heard; whate'er I read;
From morn to night, from day to day,
The constant theme was—POPERY.

'Tis now, methinks, five weeks at least,
Since first I sought some tranquil feast;

Where wholesome food and converse kind
Might please the stomach, cheer the mind;
Make folks good-humoured, frank, and civil,
And banish popery to—the devil!
I sought, I say; nay racked my brain,
To find this feast, but all in vain;
When t'other morn, in elbow chair,
Untied my shoes, uncombed my hair,
Two hours from bed, and breakfast o'er,
Rap! went the knocker at the door.
Upstarted Christy from the wheel—
"Is this the house o' Squire Macneill?"
"Yes—what is that?"—"A can, my queen,
Just come to Leith frae Aberdeen;
The freight's a shilling—carriage twa—
The weight I'm sure is far frae sma'—

I wonder what the sorrow's in't?
It maun be *leed*, or stane o' flint!
The deil be on't! its hurt my heed,
It's surely filled wi' stanes or leed!"
The chattering rogue received his money,
The stones and lead turned out good—HONEY;
Pure, rich, and sparkling as you see;
The product of th' industrious bee:
A balmy gift from shrub and flower!
The fruits of many a toilsome hour.

Struck with the prospect of my treasure,
I felt, methought, unusual pleasure:
A sudden charm; a joy refined
Shed peace and comfort o'er the mind
Each sound of POPERY died away,
And thus I said—or meant to say—

In past'ral days, when wants were few,
/hen love beat strong and friendship true,
ur fathers, nurtured in content,
calm unruffled lifetime spent
lid herds and flocks (their only care),
feast like this was oft their fare.
ere, by the streamlet's bubbling side,
nknown to controversial pride,
he oaten pipe and rural lay
haced spleen and ranc'rous hate away.—
nskilled in schoolmen's mystic dance,
ntrained in dark INTOLERANCE,
o zealous phrensy fired the breast;
o fears fantastic broke their rest;
y *nature* taught, they still pursued
/hat whispering conscience said was good;

Nor could their social minds approve
Of aught that severed peace and love!

Harassed with zeal, and frantic passion,
And for the *times*—quite out of fashion;
I can't help sighing for repose,
Envying the life our fathers chose.
At morn and eve whene'er I spy
My *warning can* with placid eye,
In midst of fierce religious splutter,
I spread, with smiles, my bread and butter;
Draw near my feast of sparkling brown,
Lay thick the charm, then—gulp it down;
Experience joys serenely still,
Nor pass one thought on—POPISH BILL.

Take then, dear Pleydell! take this treasure,
The source of soothing peace and pleasure;
When dark and dismal qualms attack you,
Or fears of popish priests distract you,
Observe the rule I herewith give you,
And take my word it will relieve you.

When Sol through curtains darts his head,
And wakes sweet AGGY * still in bed,
Or Vesper mild through whispering groves
Lures MARY * to the haunts she loves;
When cups are ranged, and muffins hot,
And green or congo in the pot;

* Two young ladies, who at the time resided with Mrs Pleydell.

Instead of *popery's* dismal gloom,
Pour out a dish of rich perfume:
Dismiss your fears—be frank—be funny—
Produce with smiles your—CAN OF HONEY.
Glance o'er these lines ('twill be an honour
Conferred upon the happy donor);
Excuse whate'er you thing is said ill;—
In short, be—just blithe MRS PLEYDELL.

TO

ELIZA

ON HER MARRIAGE.

ɔu're now, Eliza, fixed for life;
her words, you're now—a wife;
let me whisper in your ear,
ie, though fixed, has cause to fear;
much she risks, and much she loses,
improper road she chooses.
hink not that I mean to fright you,
lan, *au contraire's* to delight you;
aw the lines where comfort reaches;
e folly flies; where prudence teaches.

In short, Eliza, to prevent you
From nameless ills that may torment you:
And ere bright Hymen's torch burns faintly,
From nuptial glare conduct you gently,
Where (cured of wounds from Cupid's quiver)
A milder lustre beams for ever!

First, then, Eliza, change your carriage,
Courtship's a different thing from marriage;
And much I fear (by passion blinded)
This change at first is seldom minded.
The miss who feasts on rich romances,
And love-sick sonnets, wisely fancies
That all the end of ardent wooing
Is constant billing, constant cooing.

The nymph again, whom caution teaches
To doubt the truth of rapturous speeches,
She whom experience oft has schooled,
And shewn how husbands may be—ruled,
Laughs at the whims of fond sixteen,
And thinks that wedlock stamps—a queen.
Now I (though ne'er, alas! contracted)
Consider both as half distracted;
And will predict that endless strife
Must be the lot of either wife.
Not that I would infer from hence
That men of feeling, worth, or sense,
Could ever try to wound or pain
A tender breast with cold disdain;
Or e'er descend to storm and battle
At fondly-foolish female prattle.

Yet if fond madam, without reason,
Will fret and fume, and utter treason,
Plaguing her plain, unpuffing spouse,
About his former oaths and vows,
And tender sighs, and soft expressions,
With various comments and digressions,
I will not swear that mere connexion
Will guard the husband's warm affection;
And when affection cools, they say
The husband's apt to—go astray.

Maids, praised and flattered all their lives,
Expect as much when they are wives;
And think, when husbands cease palavering,
That love (sweet souls!) is surely wavering:

ɔy ! for pets, and cold distrust,
ı sullen brow, and dreams accurst.—
ne goes on, ma'am's in the dumps,
ılousy at last is trumps.
ɔ, fair flower ! of softest dye,
ught so late each vagrant eye,
ɔathing sweets, still blooming gay,
ɔus in winter as in May :
e this truth the muse has penned,
se—but more thy anxious friend :
's bright charms were given to lure us,
ıtch, 'tis true ; but can't secure us.'

Solomon, who paints with beauty
ous woman's worth and duty,

Compares her to a ship of trade,
That brings from far her daily bread *.
This may be true; but as for me,
I'll draw a plainer simile,
And call a virtuous wife a gem,
Which for its worth we ne'er contemn,
Though soon its water, size, and hue,
Grow quite familiar to the view.
What then ensues? Why, faith, I'll tell ye;
We think of nothing but—the value.
Yet take this gem and lay it by
From the possessor's careless eye,
Conceal its lustre, dazzling bright,
From beaming hourly on his sight,

* She is like the merchant ships, she bringeth her food from afar. Prov. xxxi. v. 14.

I'll take you any bet, at pleasure,
Whene'er he views this tempting treasure,
With eager bliss and sparkling eyes
He'll mark each new-born charm arise,
And with the joy of first possession,
Admire and rave, sans intermission!

If women, therefore, would be wise,
Instead of murmurs, tears, and sighs,
And sullen moods, and scolding frays,
When lovie's absent for some days,
Let every female art conspire
To drive him from the parlour fire.
Of all the plagues in wedded life,
To teaze or to torment a wife,

There's none more likely to increase
The bane of matrimonial peace,
Than the tame husband always by
With prying and suspicious eye.
Mark, then, when **** goes to town,
Smile thou, when other wives would frown;
He only goes (nay, don't be angry)
To take a walk to make him hungry;
To taste awhile, unknown to care,
A change of exercise and air;
Observe the pert, the bold, the witty—
How diff'rent from his own sweet Betty!
Return impatient to his home,
No husband, but a fond bridegroom.

Lastly, ELIZA, let me say,
That wives should rather yield than sway;
To thwart a husband's fixed opinion
Is not the way to gain dominion,
For kisses order, tears reprove *,
And teach us reverence, fear, and love!—
O! born to sooth and guide the heart
With native softness, void of art!
Thou, whom nor pride nor fashion sways,
Unchanged by flattery's giddy praise;
And thou, to whom a trem'lous youth
First spoke the tale of love and truth,
Blending with passion's fond alarms
The bright'ning beam of virtue's charms—

* Leurs ordres sont des caresses, leurs menaces sont des pleurs. ROUSSEAU.

Ah ! lend not now a careless ear !—
Yet, yet attend to truth sincere !
These lines at least with smiles receive,
The last, perhaps, thy bard shall give.

While pleasure spreads her gawdy tra
To lure the trifling and the vain ;
While fashion kills the tedious day
With shopping, concert, cards, and play
While female love and youth's fair charr
Shrink from pure passion's ardent arms,
And cling to splendour's fancied bliss,
With withering age and wretchedness,
Be thine, ELIZA, more refined,
The pleasures of the virtuous mind !

Be thine the transports of the heart,
Which love and goodness still impart;
The tender glance, the tranquil smile,
A husband's sorrows to beguile;
The blush of joy, divinely meek,
That paints a mother's glowing cheek;
The balm that friendship still bestows;
The tear that drops for human woes!—
These, these, ELIZA! light the way,
And cheer when other charms decay;
Conduct through care and worldly gloom,
And whisper joys—beyond the tomb.

TO

MIRA,

WITH A BOTTLE OF IRISH USQUEBAUG

Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.

In spite of all that poets tell us,
(For poets are but lying fellows)
Of Cupid's flames, and Cupid's darts,
And all his soft bewitching arts,
That teach the stubborn heart to move,
And tune the rudest speech to love,
I cannot say (with all respect
For powerful Love) I recollect

One single instance—on my honour!
Where prudence, with love's pangs upon her,
Or sprightly humour, wit, or sense,
Far less the flow of eloquence,
Adorned the swain, whose heart and liver
Throbbed with the darts from Cupid's quiver.
For me (should love-sick qualms attack us),
I've much more faith in honest Bacchus,
And can't help thinking master Cupid
That makes us mad; but ofner stupid:
At least, if one may judge from action,
By looks that border on distraction,
Man who *really* feels love's passion,
Speaks, and reasons—out of fashion.
'May be true,' I hear you cry,
Words, you say, can sometimes lie;

And since you choose the present time
To vent 'gainst love your spleen, in rhime,
Produce some proofs, or cease to rail.'—
With all my heart!—I'll tell a tale.

When sprightly Daphne went a maying,
And all the loves and graces playing
Around her beauteous face were seen
To deck the bloom of fair nineteen,
Young STREPHON met her on the green.
Struck with her charms—to speak afraid,
By love enthralled, by love dismayed—
The senseless Strephon (keep from laughter!)
Had not the power to follow after;
But gazed, and gaped, with transports swellin
Nor asked her name, nor marked her dwellin

Six months, six torturing months and more,
Did Strephon loud his loss deplore;
And often rang'd the fields, in vain,
To find the lovely maid again;
And often cursed his fluttering folly,
And often groaned with melancholy;
When Love and Fun one night agree,
The youthful pair should meet at—tea.

Soon as our love-struck swain had entered
The dazzling spot where beauties centred,
And caught his Daphne's well known charms,
He lost the power of legs and arms.
That foot, which Downie † taught with pride,
Graceful to bow, smoothly to slide,

† A dancing master.

Now aukward strikes his falling cane,
Which, trying to obtain again,
His luckless skull salutes a chair;—
The ladies scream—the ladies stare!
Abashed—confused, he drops his hat,
Then broiling on his chair he sat.
Behold now Strephon in his place,
With 'blushing honours' on his face;
The tea's to hand;—he cannot fail
To tread on harmless Tabby's tail:
To ease her pain, puss squalls and kicks,
And in his leg her talons sticks;
And tears the hose, and eke the skin,
Till streams run down poor Strephon's shin:
Stung with his smart, I do assure ye,
He roared and capered like a fury;

And in his gambols (dire mishap!)
Dropt cup and tea in Daphne's lap.

You loath the sot with liquor muddy,
Eyes all inflamed, and face all ruddy;
Yet never once conclude with me
That Strephon was as drunk as he;
The man who speaks things out of season,
Or acts as if bereft of reason,
I must consider just as bad
As he who's drunk, or he who's mad.
'Pray, sir, a truce with moralizing,
And answer this without disguising:
Did Strephon e'er his flame discover?'
No—never while a true-true lover.

In vain each night he frames with art
Some speech to melt his Daphne's heart;
Whene'er he tries to ope his lips,
Away! each soft idea skips,
And leaves him nought but hems and haws,
And stammerings to fill up each pause;
And blushes, groans, and palpitation—
(A pretty kind of conversation!)
'Was nothing then devised to win her?'
Nothing, till one blest day at dinner.—
'At dinner, say you—how—when—where?'—
How keenly curious women are!'
I would be brief—I hate great talkers—
You're so particular!—well!—at Walker's †.

† A noted tavern in Edinburgh.

One morning, Strephon's asked to dine,
To meet at four, to part at nine:
The party choice!—for reasons shown him
He went, and drank his magnum bonum †.

Behold him now, a jovial boy!
No fluttering fears!—no trembling joy!
And, all his groans and blushes over,
He tries once more to play the lover.

Struck with amaze, sweet Daphne hears
New accents reach her ravished ears:
'And, fairest of thy sex!' he cries,
(While passion sparkles in his eyes)

† A bottle of claret, containing two English quarts.

'O source of every chaste delight!
My thought by day; my dream by night;
My every hope; my every care;
My joy; my comfort; my—despair:
Ah! wherefore should I still conceal
'What all can feign, but few can feel†!'
Since first these heavenly charms were seen
By luckless Strephon on the green;
Since first with smiles and spirits gay
You hailed the merry morn of May,
What fluttering hopes have fired my brain!
What fears of torture, doubts of pain!
What pangs, what sorrows, ne'er to find
By speech, or look, my Daphne kind,

† Cartwright.

But cold and senseless to my anguish,
Still left a wretch to droop and languish!'
'My God!' the wondering fair replies
(While tears of rapture fill her eyes),
'How, how could Daphne ever know
Her Strephon's love; her Strephon's woe!
Till this soft tale, so sweetly sung!
I never heard your tuneful tongue;
Till this fond hour, I never found
These eyes but downcast on the ground;—
You still were silent, absent, cool:—
I took you, Strephon, for—a fool.'

Now, Mira, that my tale is ended,
I hope I've proved what I intended,

Namely, that, without generous wine,
A youth may sigh, and groan, and whine,
But never talk in strains divine.
For what is love, or what is beauty,
If lovers' tongues can't do their duty?
Or what are flames, or inclination,
Without the fire of inspiration?——
All, all must end in strange confusion,
Without the gift of elocution.
For me, who never had much brass,
I find vast courage in a glass;
And now that blushing's out of fashion,
Or drink I must, or breathe no passion.
And sure, if strains like mine have charmed one
When half-seas o'er, there's no great harm done.

And yet last night, when first we met,
You frowned and fretted in a pet,
Withdrew your hand, with face averted,
And thrice for me your chair deserted;
But, warmed by wine, I well remember,
Unchilled by looks, cold as December,
I prattled wit from jovial quaffing,
Till quite o'ercome, at length, with laughing,
You pardon sealed; and, generous-hearted,
Gave me your hand before we parted;
Nay, once delighted, almost swore
I ne'er talked half so well before.

Charmed with the good effects of wine,
I next day hurried to Gavine †,

† A famous distiller of liqueurs, near Edinburgh.

And straightway bought *(ne merveille pas !)*
A bottle of his Usquebaugh.
Which now I send you, with this rule,
That when I'm silent, like a fool,
Or stupid grow, or lose my temper,
For God's sake ! fill me up a bumper !
Till head, and heart, and tongue improve,
And make me say whate'er you love !

O could its virtues but inspire
This breast with true poetic fire,
To sing, in numbers strong and clear,
Thy friendship, ardent, and sincere;
Thy humour, sprightly, social, free,
Thy temper's blest serenity !

O! could its virtues but impart
The language of thy feeling heart,
To paint in accents sweetly mild
The duties of a tender child!
And every art and virtue rare
That sooths an aged father's care;
In faith! dear Mira, to be plain,
(Though much I dread your cold disdain)
In spite of all you'd think or say,
I'd drink till tipsy every day.

THE WEE THING;

OR,

MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

A BALLAD.

'Saw ye my wee thing? Saw ye mine ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?
Sought she the burnie whar flowers the haw tree?

Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling ee;
Red, red her ripe lips! And sweeter than roses:
Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?'

'I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie whar flowers the haw tree.

'Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling ee;
Red ware her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:—
Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me!'

'It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leel heart! modest her nature!
She never looed ony, till ance she looed me.

'Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary:
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:—
Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!'

'It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me.'

Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling ee!—
'Ye's rue sair this morning, your boasts and your scorning:
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.'

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Stothard del. Parker scul

Aff went the bonnet, the lint white locks flee:
The belted plaid frae her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lovd maid wi' the dark rolling ee!

Publish'd as the Act directs by Longman & Rees, 1 Jan.y 1806.

'Awa wi' beguiling,' cried the youth, smiling.—
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling ee!

'Is it my wee thing! is it mine ain thing!
Is it my true love here that I see!'
'O Jamie, forgie me; your heart's constant to me;
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!'

THE WHIP,

OR,

A TOUCH AT THE TIMES.

SENT TO MISS D. OF LINSTED, WITH A WHIP MADE A RHINOCEROS'S SKIN. 1784.

Quæ fuerant vitia mores sunt. SENECA.

ERE modest virtue lost her way
Among the dissolute and gay,
Few modes were used for travel;
Unknown to whip, or spur, or boot,
Each hardy Briton trudged on foot,
Through mud, bog, dust, and gravel.

'Twas then the fair, as story tells,
(Ah! how unlike our modern belles!)
Knew neither coach nor saddle;
No female Phaetonians then
Surpassed the boldest of our men
In gesture, look, and straddle.

But formed by nature's artless hand,
Blushes, 'tis said, at her command,
Oft stole o'er beauty's features:
No wife then scorned domestic sweets;
No daughter Jehu! scoured the streets;
Good lord! what simple creatures!

Emerged at length from gothic rules,
Our fair ones, trained in happier schools,
For blushes, now give fashion;
Each modest virtue thrown aside,
Behold! like men, erect, astride!
They drive!—they whip!—they dash on!

O! may the glorious day arrive,
When each bold lass her nag shall drive
O'er hedges, gates, and ditches!
Despise the housewife's hateful lot,
And change the useless petticoat
For boots and buckskin breeches!

Yet heterogeneous as they are,
Half man—half woman—half centaur,
Some grave folks dread infection:
See! virtue, trembling, flies the land!
Alas! 'gainst furious four in hand,
No *common* whip's protection!

Struck with the thought, I reasoned long,—
'Eliza, poor thing's, far from strong,
And yet she loves a canter;
Some fierce virago, high in blood,
May lay her sprawling in the mud,
Or in a hedge-row plant her!

'What then remains the weak to shield?
Must freedom thus her charter yield?—
Has beauty no defender?
—Alas! no bosom swells with rage!—
There's nought in this bold dashing age,
But flogging to befriend her!

'Since lashing's then the ton, the tip,
And victory now turns on the Whip,
The toughest whip should win;
And as we know in each hard bout,
The 'toughest hide holds longest out,'
I'll find—a whip of *skin*.'

Pleased with the fancy, swift I sped,
Mad with the project in my head,
I ranged half India o'er;
But hides well beat, are seldom tough:
At last a bit of precious stuff
I found on Afric's shore.

There, by his streams and tangling groves,
The huge Rhinoceros careless roves,
Though growls each savage nigh:
Undaunted, armed with horn and hide,
To ball and dart he turns his side,
Unheeded as they fly.

But what's the armed, the bold, the strong!
(Again we moralize our song,)
If treachery aims the blow!
Ev'n Samson fell by female wit,
And see! in subtle treachery's pit
The mighty beast lies low.

Thus fall'n by cunning's sneaking plot,
With joy they strip his horny coat;
('Twas wond'rous to behold!)
'By heavens!' I cried, 'at length I've found
A skin that's proof 'gainst mortal wound!
'Tis worth its weight in gold!'

Torn from the side it lately graced,
A slice I cut with eager haste;
A tough, tenacious slip!
And, hurrying home to British land,
Gave it to Kelly, in the Strand †,
Who formed it to a WHIP.

Thus armed, with virtue on your side,
Unconquered reign, undaunted ride,
Nor fear e'en Lade ‡ or Archer ‡.
Some dame indeed may whoop and crack,
But let Rhinoceros touch her back,
It will both blue and starch her.

† Whip-maker to the Prince of Wales.

‡ Sir John Lade and Lady Archer, two of the most celebrated phaeton drivers in England.

O, could its virtues but repair
The lungs of thy half-winded mare,
How great would be thy glory!
From Linsted town thy fame would trot,
E'en to the house of Johnny Grot,
In many a marv'lous story.

Then should we hear in clam'rous boast,
How one young fair one ruled the roast,
As Pitt now rules the nation;
Made female jockies bounce and skip,
And by the power of one famed Whip,
Flogged vice from freedom's station!

But since, alas! no cure we know,
Since Phill † must puff, or you move slow,
Mark well a friend's direction:
Hold fast the reins of female pride,
Whip ev'ry coxcomb from your side,
To listen is—infection.

Yet should the man of worth possest,
Fair candour glowing at his breast,
Confess thy pow'r of charms;
List to his tale, be frank, be kind,
Unfashioned blush to love refined,
And whip—into his arms!

† Eliza's mare.

TO

MISS JEAN

AND

MISS ISABELLA MONRO

WITH TWO BOTTLES OF THE OTTA OF ROSES.

TOST rudely round this whirling sphere,
Estranged from all he valued dear;
Shut out from beauty's bright'ning ray;
The social night, the tranquil day;
Involved in tumult's wild uproar,
And dropt on India's burning shore;
Behold a woe-worn wand'rer roam,
Far from his friends and native home!

'Thus 'scaped from storm and battle's rage †,
Shall I,' he cried, 'new ills engage!
Shall I, by wayward fortune crossed,
Droop sorrowing on a foreign coast;
And whelmed at last in hopeless gloom,
Sink unlamented to the tomb!'

'Perish the thought!' a seraph cries,
(A seraph wafted from the skies ‡.)
'Perish the thought! a softer ray
Yet comes to guide thy wildered way.

† Alluding to the last naval engagement between Sir Edward Hughes and M. Suffrein in the East Indies, during which the Author was on board his Majesty's ship the Gibraltar.

‡ See the Author's Address to the Scottish Muse.

What though rude mirth and tempest's roar
And fortune frowning locks her store;
What though no converse reigns refined,
And loved Miranda's left behind;
A brighter morn will yet appear
To chace the gloom and gild the year;
A milder dawn o'erspread the grove,
A warmer theme attune to love;
When freedom's sun bright o'er the main
Illumes fair ALBION's cliffs again;
And glittering high on mountain hoar,
Proclaims afar loved SCOTIA's shore;
Where friendship waits in smiles arrayed,
To bind the wounds that fate has made;
And sympathy, with melting eye,
To catch the tale, and heave the sigh;

And mild oblivion, kind to cast
Her dark'ning shade o'er suff'rings past.

'Meanwhile,' she said, 'this gift receive,
And henceforth, wand'rer, cease to grieve;
For know, in this a virtue rare,
(A passport likewise to the fair.)
Can cheer dejection's languid gloom,
And rich, to beauty yield perfume!
Guard then this treasure, and when fate
Conducts thee safe, or soon, or late,
Where Forth's meanderings gently glide
Through fields that wave their cultured pride,
There, while again thou wander'st o'er
Each dear loved spot, oft trod before;

Or from Strevlina's height serene
Survey'st around the pictured scene;
Or view'st sublime her castled towers
From A———'s sheltering bowers;
Where social mirth wan care beguiles,
'Midst female virtues, female smiles;
While hope's fond joys past sorrows heal,
Let breasts like thine fresh ardour feel,
To mark each virtue as it springs,
And as the muse impassioned sings,
On maids of worth this gift bestow,
A *****; a *******; a Monro.'

Charmed with this tale, with sighs I prest
The welcome treasure to my breast;

'Here dwell,' I cried, 'till fate once more
Conducts me safe to Scotia's shore!
Till free from tumult's madd'ning strife,
Once more I taste a poet's life;
And female smiles to soothe and cheer,
And love to cheat the lingering year:
Here rest,' I cried, 'till heaven bestows
Your *****'s, your *******'s, your Monro's!'

The seraph smiled, and instant flew!
The canvas spread, Eolus blew!
From India's shores and burning skies,
O'er waves the Gibraltar flies.
Blow, blow, ye breezes! oft I said,
While seas the ling'ring voyage delayed;

Blow, blow, ye breezes! oft I cried,
While sleep her balmy rest denied:
Yet, midst my watchings, cares, and rest,
Still clasped the treasure to my breast!

Relieved from cares that lately spread
A tempest round a wand'rer's head,
Arrived at length, where tumults cease,
And all within is hope and peace,
The warning seraph whispers low,
'Remember Worth, and each Monro!'

Go! partner of my throbbing heart!
To gentler breasts thy balm impart!
Go!—to yon social bowers repair,
Far softer forms thy sweets shall share!

Go! and while odours from thee break
Round Jane or Bella's snowy neck,
Tell them from me, no sweets refined
Can match the tender female mind;
Nor Persia's rose†, that blooms so fair,
With virtue's charms can e'er compare;
No! nor rich Ceylon's spicy gales,
Nor famed Arabia's scented vales,
A balm so grateful can diffuse,
To wake and animate the muse,
As that which shook from friendship's wing,
Attunes the lyre's according string,
And prompts e'en bards like me to sing!

† The otta is made from the roses of Persia.

GRANDEUR:

AN ODE.

Sæpius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus; et celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos
Fulmina montes. HOR.

How varied lies the chequered scene!—
DUNMAIT capt with snow;
While humbler smiles, in vernal green,
The sun-clad vale below:
Gay spring her cheering task performs,
Regardless of the wintry storms

That sweep proud Ochil's lofty side;
And, sheltered from the mountain gale,
Secure, smooth glides the winding sail
Down Forth's meandering tide.

Alas! how like the chequered state
Of man's contrasted lot!
The storms that whirl round Grandeur's gate;
The peasant's sheltered cot;
Disdainful pride, with wintry brow;
Rough labour, jocund at his plough,
Still cheered by health's unclouded beam;
While, safe from luxury's whelming tide,
Peace, hope, and resignation, glide
Down life's untroubled stream.

To meditation's musing mind
Still moral pictures rise:
Ambition, dashed by fortune's wind,
When tow'ring to the skies;
Exalted beauty, doomed to move
In climes unwarmed by genial love,
Tost by the storms of sordid strife!—
While nurtured in some vale obscure,
The humbler fair one blooms secure
The mistress and the wife!

But late, in strength and beauty's prime,
The tow'ring Plane arose;
Proud, o'er Strevlina's height sublime
It waved its mantling boughs!

What time mild evening gilds her star,
The trav'ller spied it from afar,
And, raptured, wondered where it grew;—
Fond fancy placed its magic height
Mid regions streaked with golden light
Through Heaven's ethereal blue!—

Embosomed in the bank below,
That courts the southern breeze,
The humbler Hawthorn's doomed to blow
Mid kindred shrubs and trees!
Obscure, its balmy sweets diffuse,
Unmarked, save by the moral muse,

That nightly breathes the rich perfume!—
Ah! what is Grandeur's splendid show!—
Ambition, mark!—the *Plane* laid low†!
The *Hawthorn* left to bloom.

† The cutting down of this beautiful tree (a circumstan that gave general dissatisfaction) occasioned the prese ode.

MAY-DAY;

OR,

THE DISCOVERY.

A PASTORAL.

IN THE MANNER OF CUNNINGHAM.

See! rob'd in new beauties, young May cheers the lawn!
Ye virgins! how charming her air!
Haste! cull her fresh flow'rets dew-dropping at dawn,
And chaplets entwine for your hair!
Yes! weave the gay garland! each moment improve!
Youth's pleasures, like Spring, fleet away!
Life has its soft season—that season is Love.
—Ah! taste its fond joys while 'tis May.

But lately I winded yon mountain's green side;—
How blessed! for a fair one was by;
I marked, as she welcomed the Spring's opening pride,
The rapture that beamed in her eye:
Her fav'rite young lambkins ran bleating around,
(Their fleeces were whiter than snow!)
The cliffs, crowned with oakwood, returned the sol
sound;
The still lake gleamed placid below.

'How happy,' she cried, 'in some sheltered retreat
With lambkins and flocks bleating nigh;
In my straw-covered cottage, though humble, yet nea
I could live—and contented would die!

This oak-waving mountain would ward winter's blast;
Yon lake teach complaint to be still;
Health, mirth, peace, and temperance, crown the repast,
And freedom—bound light o'er the hill!'

A glance that escaped the dear maid at the time,
Half whispered a wish was untold;—
'And would my fair shepherdess deem it a crime
If EDWIN were guard to the fold?'
'I told my soft wishes†,' she sweetly replied,
(Ye virgins! her voice was divine!)
'I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
But take me, fond shepherd!—I'm thine.'

† Cunningham's Content.

Her look was so artless! her accent so mild!
Her candour so sweetly expressed!
I gazed on her beauties as blushing she smiled,
And clasped the loved maid to my breast!
The primrose in clusters breathed fragrance around,
And witnessed the vows that were given;
The lark, that sat listening, soar'd swift from the ground,
And warbled the contract in—heaven!

Yon cottage, where woodbines so fondly entwine,
We've chose for our humble retreat,
Where Teath's soften'd murmurs raise musings divine,
'Tis there my love's lambkins shall bleat!

There friendship shall lure modest worth to our door,
And shelter from care's wintry blast;
Content, decked in smiles, spread her pastoral store,
And my fairest prepare the repast!—

Thus fixed, what imports it, ye great ones and vain,
Though splendour withholds her false gleam,
If pleased with our little, and strangers to pain,
Life glides placid by like yon stream?
While *Health*, heavenly goddess! smiles buxom and gay,
Shall we murmur that wealth comes not nigh?
When thy charms, INDEPENDENCE! thus prompt the free lay,
And the muse, lark-like, soars to the sky!

Ah! what avails!—But cease the strain;
Ye weeping parents, dry the tear.
See! Philomela joins the train,
And chants a requiem o'er his bier.

Sweetly she warbles, perched on high,
Far from her mate, and haunts of even;
She comes, an herald from the sky,
To greet the cherub soul to heaven!

the deceased has been a particular favourite, it is usu
the female slaves to raise, after the interment, a funer
or dirge, over the grave. This consists of loud and
lamentations, chiefly expressive of the good qualities
deceased; such as, 'O my good massa!' 'O my dear n
accompanied with clapping of hands, and violent ge
tions of sorrow.

Yet here, should pensive pilgrim stray
At soft'ning eve, or fervent noon,
Here may he heave the sigh, and say,
'Ah, wherefore droop'd the flower so soon!'

EPITAPH.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

JAMES GRAHAM, ESQ.

LATE OF THE PARISH OF WESTMOREL.

JAMAICA.

IN TESTIMONY OF AFFECTION,

AND AS A TRIBUTE TO THE VIRTUES OF

THE BEST OF MEN, AND THE KINDEST OF BROT

THIS MAUSOLEUM

IS ERECTED BY

JOHN GRAHAM,

OF THREE-MILE RIVER, JAMAICA.

ANNO 1798.

ACCEPT, loved shade! of him whose breathl
No sigh returns to aught that grief can say;
Accept, loved shade! this monument of woe;
The last sad gift thy friend can now bestow!-

For him, alas! 'tis left to raise the tomb;
Steal from the crowd, and court sepulchral gloom;
Clasp to his heart thy cold untimely urn†,
And weep thy virtues—never to return!
Nor can the muse (that muse thou lov'dst to hear)
Repress the sigh, or check the starting tear;
From Britain's shore;—across the Atlantic wave,
She comes, to vent her sorrows at thy grave;
With trembling hand inscribe thy funeral stone,
And with a brother's woes record her own.

† This amiable, honourable, and accomplished man, was unfortunately killed in the mistaken defence of a character which no calumny could have injured; and by a ruffian whose slander no man of worth ought to have regarded.

ON THE DEATH OF

LIEUT. GEN. SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY,

Killed at the Battle of Alexandria, in Egypt,
21st March, 1801.

FROM carnaged fields bedrenched with gore,
How long must Pity shrink with pain;
Turn, shuddering pale, from shore to shore,
And weep her patriot heroes slain!

Touched at her tears that streaming flow,
(Just tribute to the good and brave)
Britannia, wrapt in sable woe,
Bends o'er her ABERCROMBY's grave.

'And could not age,' she sorrowing cries,
'From blood protect thy final doom!
Gild thy last eve with milder skies,
And lay thee gently in the tomb?'

Rocked in the cradle of alarms,
Nursed in the school where glory's won,
Rejoicing in the din of arms,
Soon Valour hailed her darling son:

Foresaw the bright, the guiding beam
That led to honour's splendid goal;
Saw, flashed round POMPEY'S PILLAR, gleam
The parting light'nings of his soul!

Yet, in the warrior's dauntless breast,
Fond hope with mellowing pencil drew;
Pourtrayed the scene, when laurel'd rest,
In peace, enjoys the fav'rite few!—

Vain dream!—with war's indignant frown
Fame twined the cypress with the bay;—
'Be *this*,' she cried, 'the laurel crown
To deck my hero's parting day!

Sunk in the shade of still repose,
Unhonoured drop the valiant dead;—
Bright as his day shall beam the close—
He dies in glory's patriot bed!'

'He *lives!*' Britannia warm replies,
As high the trophied urn she rears;
'He lives in VIRTUE's bursting sighs,
His COUNTRY'S PRAISE!--his COUNTRY'S TEARS!'

AN ELEGY

On the sudden death of a beautiful young boy, in Jamaica, attended by the singular occurrence of a nightingale perching on the tree under which he was interred, and singing sweetly during the funeral service.

WRITTEN IN JAMAICA IN 1788.

RELENTLESS Death!—ah! why so soon
Cut down the flow'ret fair to view!
Pale gleamed the light of yonder moon,
When pest'lence shed her deadly dew†!

† He died of a putrid sore throat, occasioned by unwholesome night damps.

The morn arose serene and clear,
  The sun refulgent glowed at noon;
But nought the drooping flower could cheer.—
  Ah! wherefore drooped the flower so soon!

By yonder tree (his fav'rite shade,
  Where late he joyed with sports and play)
They dig his grave; there, lowly laid,
  Sleep's CAMPBELL's silent senseless clay!

Ah! what avails the tear and sigh
  That close, loved boy! thy funeral gloom!
The doleful dirge, and frantic cry
  Of Afric's mourners round thy tomb†!

† In Jamaica it is customary, on the death of a white person, for all the domestic negroes to attend the funeral. If

He's gone! round whose temples the muses
Entwined their loved garlands of old;
He's gone! to whose mem'ry, inscribed on hi
They warbled the truths which he told *.

Alas! ye fond muses! where now dwell you
To these haunts will ye never return?—
Mute! save when Remembrance, with all her d
And Friendship thus wail o'er the urn!

Yet, yet shall the strain (if such strains shall
The sunshine of life's fleeting ray)
Record what, if drooping, perchance may re
The minstrel of some future day;

* Alluding to the elegant Latin Epitaph, hereto s

Yet, yet shall the strain, if such strains can afford
A solace to soothe virtue's moan;
Transmit, what indignant, the muse shall record
For meek, modest Virtue alone!

Shall tell lowly fortune, and bards yet unborn,
How Genius bloomed rich in the shade;
Unsun'd, flower'd neglected, through thicket and thorn,
And wafted her sweets round the glade:

Uncheered, unrewarded, by fortune or fame,
Fourscore smiling springs hailed the bloom;—
Nipt at length, cold neglect felt remorse, tinged with shame,
And sculptured the *cause* on the tomb*.

* As a testimony of Dr Doig's literary talents, and as a mark of attention *to the dead*, the Magistrates of Stirling di-

rected that his own Epitaph, written in Latin verse, shou be inscribed on his tombstone. The Epitaph, as origina composed by Dr Doig, comprehends the eight *last* lines tl follow.

MORTALES HIC POSITÆ SUNT EXUVIÆ
DAVIDIS DOIG, LL.D. SS.R. et A.S. EDI
SCHOLÆ LATINÆ APUD STERLINENSES
PER XL. ANNOS PREPOSITÆ
OBIIT 17 KALEND. APRIL. A. D. 1800.
ET ANNO ÆTATIS LXXXII.

Edidici quædam, perlegi plura, notavi
Paucula; cum Domino mox peritura suo.
Lubrica Pieriæ tentaram præmia palmæ,
Credulus, ingenio heu nimis alta meo,
Defuncto, famam ruituro crescere saxo,
Posse putem, vivo, quæ mihi nulla fuit?
Scire velis qualis fuerim, lux ultima prodet
Lux eadem prodet tu quoque qualis eras.

PROLOGUE:

Written at the request of the Managers of the Public Kitc
at Edinburgh, for the Benefit of the Poor, 1801.

WHEN discord first, with hate infuriate, hurled
Their baneful influence o'er a suff'ring world;
Broke the firm bands of kindred joys asunder,
And left in want the wretch to weep, and—wond
Thrilled with despair;—unfriended, and oppress
With hagard eye, pale Poverty, distressed,
Roamed the lone wild, a wretched life to save,
And, shivering, sunk in famine's darkening cave!
There, sad, she pined, and wailed her hopeles mo
Earth her damp pillow! and her bed—cold ston

Till CHARITY (from Heaven's fair lineage sprui
Nymph of the melting heart and soothing tongu
Swift from yon starry vault's ethereal blue,
To want's dark cell with pitying ardour flew!

Cheered with celestial rays that chased the gloo
The fainting mourner waked—as from the tomb
Saw the sweet harbinger of joy again
Steal on soft tip-toe to the bed of pain;
O'er the cold breast her mantling vestments sprea
Wipe the damp brow, and raise the drooping hea
Pour the rich cordial, trickling to the heart;
Brace the lax fibre, and new strength impart;
Kindle fond hope; and, beck'ning with a smile,
Lure, while she flew to BRITAIN's fostering isle

To Britain's isle! where, cherished by her care,
The poor, if virtuous, never know despair:
Warmed by her beams, each bosom learns to glow,
And throb, and feel—the sympathy of woe!
From ocean's gen'rous sons (in fame enrolled)
To Scotia's mountains, and her patriots bold;—
Alike her magic power o'er land and wave:
—The flame of pity ever warms the brave!
Oh! could its light but harmonize the breast,
And guide again the jarring world to rest!
Spread with mild radiance far from shore to shore,
Till friendship binds, and discord's heard no more!
Till candour starts at reason's temperate call,
And mercy wafts humanity—to all!
This night, where Charity's celestial flame
Gilds with mild lustre Scotia's annalled fame;

Beams in each conscious eye, and, heav
Glows in soft blushes on each fair one's
This night! indeed, would mock the flow
And stamp an era for recording time!

Enough for us, who claim no higher
Than aid the wretched, and repel despa
To light the lamp in Poverty's dark cel
And lend new strength to those who—str
—Enough for us! expiring worth to sa
And cheer the path of virtue to the gra

JACK AND NANCY,

A SEA SONG.

AIR—*Bonny Lass, will you lie in a Barrack.*

O! SAY, lovely Nan! can you lie in a hammock?
When the mountain-waves rage, can you swing in a hammock?
As the winds roar aloft, and rude billows dash o'er us,
Can my Nancy sleep soundly amid the wild chorus?
O yes! my dear Jack! I can lie in a hammock,
When the mountain-waves rage, can sleep sound in a hammock:
Rude billows will rock me, when love smiles to cheer me,
If *thy* slumber's sweet, Jack, no dangers can fear me!

But say, if, at night, the sad cry comes for *wearing;*
The breakers a-head, and the boatswain loud swearing;
When the main-yard dips deep, and white billows break o'er us;
Will my Nancy not shrink then amid the dread chorus?
O no! my loved lad! when such dangers are near me,
My Jack's kindly whispers will sooth me—will cheer me,
A kiss snatched in secret, amid the dread horror,
Will hush the rude chorus, and still every terror.

But say, my sweet Nan! when the tempest's all smashing!
The top-sails all split, and the top-masts down crashing!
When all hands spring aloft, and no lover to cheer her,
Will my Nancy not shrink when such dangers are near her?

no! my loved Jack! while the tempest's loud bawling,
top-sails all split, and the top-masts down falling,
watching *your* dangers, my own will pass over!—
prayers for your safety no fears I'll discover!

O! my loved Nan! when the ship is done *clearing*,
matches all lighted; the French foe fast nearing,
you stand to your gun, while pale death drops around you?
is *then!* my sweet Nancy! new fears will confound you!
No! my dear Jack! to these fears love's a stranger!
n you fight by my side, I'll defy every danger;

On your *fate* my fond eye will be fixed while you're near me;

If you fall! Nancy dies!—if you live, love will cheer me!

Come! come then, sweet lass! let us swing in a hammock!

While the mountain-seas dash round, sleep sound in a hammock!

With love such as thine, who would dread war or weather?—

While we live, we shall love; when we fall—fall together!

*** This verse (in singing) to be repeated by both at the same time, with the slight alteration of substituting *lad* for *lass* by the female singer.

THE

PLEASURES OF AMBITION:

OR,

UNE REVERIE A LA CORSE, 1804.

ON AN IMPERIAL CORONATION.

Hæret lateri lethalis arundo. VIRG.

THE four winds roar round Europe's shore,
Deep growled the threat'ning thunder!
As from the mud, besmeared with blood,
Up towered a thing of wonder!—
Its head was black, its face was chalk,
Each eye, though sunk, was gleaming;
Its sleepless brain, with racking pain,
Knew neither rest nor dreaming!

In its right hand it waved a brand
Of scorching brimstone blazing!
The dismal glare made myriads stare,
But all were sad, while gazing!
Its left hand prest (by way of rest)
On scattered crowns and sceptres;
Close at its back, in horrid clack,
Grinned fiends, or guilt's inspectors.

'Avaunt!' it cried, 'ye sons of pride!
Ye grumblers! dread displeasure!
My *height*, ye see—crouch!—bend the k
Nor dare that height to measure!
Kings,—kiss the rod!—I move a god!
A god of self-creation:
Should one rebel, by heaven and hell!
I'll send him to damnation:

If one but speaks, in death he squeaks!
'Tis meet you *all* were civil!
If one complains, bound fast in chains,
I'll send him to the devil.—
What!—doubt my *power!*—behold the tower
Of human height and splendour!
Popes, late our foe, now kiss *my* toe,
And tremble at my grandeur.—

Shall then my sway not clear the way
For unprescribed possession?
Shall not my nod secure the road
To plunder and oppression?
Shall reptiles dare, enleagued, to war
And meditate correction;
Or dream to curb what may disturb
Their safety or protection?

A pigmy state, with gold elate,
Pretends to check dominion!
A Russian bear attempts in air
To soar on eagle pinion!
A Swedish owl presumes to growl,
And form a northern faction!
A Turkish mute dares to dispute
My *title* and subjection!—

But soon I'll crush Turk, Swede, and Rust
With all their schemes nefarious!
As for JOHN BULL—when reason's cool,
I think each plan precarious.
Yet John loves beef; his dread and grief
Is want of constant stuffing;
Should famine come, *Defection's* hum
Would soon drown naval puffing!—

Oh! for the day, when want's dismay
Would damp this purse-proud nation!
Then should kind gales, with flowing sails,
Waft us to rich sensations!—
My sallad boys would taste new joys,
Each raptured sound would tell us,
That what half-feasts these grumbling beasts,
Would stuff my poor starved fellows!—

Curse on the spot, where hardy Scot
Through perils scorns dejection!
Each home-loved rill, and heath-crowned hill,
Bind fast his warm affection:—
For famine's gloom, nor war's death-doom,
Can damp his dauntless valour:
A vet'ran Scot* spoiled EGYPT's plot!
Ah! pangs!—that was a nailer!

* Abercromby.

What's at my back !—ye hell-hound pack,
Avaunt ! and cease tormenting !—
I know it all !—ye can't appal !
I *see* black storms fermenting ;
And though I fear yon Russian bear
May yet breed some disaster,
And oft times think this northern link
Will prove a blistering plaster,—

Yet, while I eye deep Prussia sly,
And cautious watch Batavi,
Prepared for blows, I'll make these foes
Ere long, cry out—peccavi.—
Expences flow !—my treasury's low !
(No plunder makes me richer !)
I dread a drain !—no longer *Spain !*
Ah ! morbleu !—there's a twitcher !—

But up! proud heart—why do I start?—
Hence, phantoms, and chimeras!
Brains racked like mine should ne'er divine
When plagues and storms are near us.
Since *crimes* have shed, on this crowned head,
Such undreamt power and splendour,
To crimes I turn!—let kingdoms burn,
And scorch up to a cinder!

Through *blood* I wade! (my thriving trade)
By this I've gained dominion.
Should Fate rebel, secured in hell,
I've one firm bond of union!
Old Nick and I have learnt to vie,
Which should excel the other;
Old Nick and me can't disagree,
He owns me for his brother.

By him I rose, and crushed my foes;
From him I learnt each lesson;
When all hope's flown, firm on his throne,
I'm sure of *joint possession.*—
Up then, proud heart!—no more I start:
To valour pride is given!
Better in hell (as poets tell)
To reign, than serve in heaven!'

Down sunk the sprite to dismal night!
Deep roared each blast and billow!
He sunk opprest, to find some rest,
But sleep still fled his pillow!—
Learn hence, ye great! mid pomp and state,
What *lawless power* embitters,
Not all that's high can peace supply;
Not all is gold that glitters!

THE

LINKS O' FORTH:

OR,

A PARTING PEEP

AT

THE CARSE O' STIRLING.

He woo'd the muse, and sung the pensive strain;
He loved meek solitude, and softened gloom;——

STERLING'S CAMBUSCAN, v. 304.

THE succeeding Poem was printed during the Author's absence abroad. The following Preface, explanatory of his motives for writing it, having been accidentally omitted, he now thinks it proper to subjoin it, for the information of the Reader.

'The following production, the Author, previously to his departure from Britain, leaves in the possession of a friend, careless of its future fate, although not insensible of its imperfections. Lest, however, it may hereafter chance to meet the public eye, it may not be improper to observe, that having, at an early period of life, written, and injudiciously published, a poetical performance on the same subject, which a more mature judgment taught him to condemn, he was desirous of substituting something in its stead, less exceptionable to

good taste, and more characteristic of the scenes he has attempted to delineate. Should this be considered as an awkward apology for defects, let it be remembered, that the 'Parting Peep at the Carse of Stirling,' was executed under various disadvantages;—that, while it was composed amidst the gloom of sickness and solitude, to mitigate distress, it received no fostering sunshine to cherish or to cheer; that it never met the eye of criticism, nor the kindly strictures of a friend; and that while it may, without a violation of metaphor, be called the offspring of pain and of pensiveness, it was, amidst other trials, produced under the additional depression of leaving a country, to which the author has every reason to predict he never will return!

'With regard to the language in which the present poem is written (and for which, perhaps, an apology is likewise necessary), the author can only say, that he made choice of the Scottish dialect,

not only on account of its superior poetical pathos and simplicity to any other with which he is acquainted[1], but, in his opinion, as the most appropriate to the scenes described, and particularly to the historical events he has ventured to introduce. Farther he has nothing to say. Praise, should it ever come, will, in all likelihood, never reach his ear: and censure, after what has already been advanced in extenuation, must recoil on the unfeeling and fastidious.'

EDIN. *October*, 1796.

The following elegant Lines were sent to the Author by the ingenious Writer of the Hindoo Rajah, Modern Philosophers, &c. on reading the Links o' Forth, in Manuscript.

YES! I've perused, with new, increased delight
Have reperused, each simply flowing line:
Traced the known landscape bursting on the sight,
With all its varied hues and haunts divine!

Still (by the muse's faithful hand pourtrayed)
Each long-lost beauty meets my raptured eye;
Youth's former visions rise in every glade,
While tears delicious mix with memory's sigh.

Say then, my friend, can feelings warm as these
Perform the critic's cold fastidious part;
Mark what perchance the pedant might displease,
When nature's nameless charms attack the heart!

For me, I boast nor critic lore nor skill,
Nor classic laws for measured numbers know;
Enough, to feel the bosom's raptured thrill,
The tear that starts—the heart's spontaneous glow!

These! these the muse's magic power attest!
These! these the poet's excellence proclaim;
And these, while truth and nature warm the breast,
Shall deck FORTH's artless bard with wreaths of fame.

ELIZA HAMILTON.

THE

LINKS O' FORTH.

AH! winding FORTH!—smooth wandering tide!
O' Strevlin's peerless plain the pride;
How pleased alang thy verdant side,
Whar floweries spring,
The muse her untaught numbers tried,
And learnt to sing!

Whan ardent youth, wi' boiling blood,
Ilk trace o' glowing passion loo'd,
How aft aside thy silver flood,
Unseen, alane,
The bard, enrapt in pensive mood,
Has poured the strain!

To beauteous Laura, aft and lang,
His artless lyre he trembling strang;
Close to his beating heart it hang,
While glen, and grove,
And craig, and echoing valley, rang
Wi' fervent love.—

Poor, fond enthusiast! whither stray?
By wimpling burn, or broomy brae?
Wasting, I ween, the live-lang day
In am'rous rhime;
The hour will come, thou'lt sigh, and say,
What loss o' time!

Yet, wherefore shou'd nae youth engage
In pleasures suited to its age?
To catch the tids o' life is sage,
Some joys to save:
Wha kens the fights he's doomed to wage
This side the grave!

To sport on fancy's flowery brink,
And beek a wee in love's warm blink,
Is wiser far, I'm sure, than think
O' distant harm,
Whan eild and cauld indiff'rence shrink
Frae pleasure's charm.

Then strike, sweet muse! the trembling lyre,
Ance mair do thou the song inspire;—
Ah! check nae yet the glowing fire,
Though health divin
And youth, and pleasure's fond desire,
Fast, fast decline!

Attune the lay! when nature's charm
First seized his bosom, fluttering warm;
Ere care yet came, wi' dread alarm,
Or friendship's guile;
Or fortune, wi' uplifted arm,
And treach'rous smi

Attune the lay that should adorn
Ilk verse descriptive o' the morn;
Whan round Forth's Links o' waving corn,
At peep o' dawn,
Frae broomy know to whitening thorn
He raptured ran:

Or fragrant where, at opening day,
The whins bloom sweet on *Achil* brae;
There, when inspired by lofty ray,
He'd tak his flight;
And towering climb, wi' spirits gay,
Demyit's† height.

† One of the highest of the Ochil hills, that bound the Carse of Stirling to the east.

O! grander far than Windsor's brow!
And sweeter too the vale below!
Whar Forth's unrivall'd windings flow
Through varied grain,
Brightening, I ween, wi' glittering glow
Strevlina's plain!

There, raptured trace (enthroned on hie)
The landscape stretching on the ee
Frae Grampian heights down to the sea,
A dazzling view!
Corn, meadow, mansion, water, tree,
In varying hue.—

Owre lofty here, ilk charm to trace,
That decks, sweet plain! thy cultured face;
Aft down the steep he'd tak a race,
Nor, rinning, flag,
Till up he'd climb, wi' rapid pace,
Yon '*Abbey craig.*'

There seated, mark, wi' ardour keen,
The skelloch † bright 'mang corn sae green,
The purpled pea, and speckled bean;
A fragrant store!
And vessels sailing, morn and e'en,
To '*Stirling's shore.*'

† The wild mustard.

But aftner far, he'd, late and air,

To yonder castled height † repair,

Whar youth's gay sports, relaxed frae care,

Cheat learning's toils,

And round her DOIG's classic chair

Fond Genius smiles!

'Twas here, O Forth! for love o' thee,

Frae wine, and mirth, and cards, he'd flee;

Here too, unskilled, sweet poesy!

He woo'd thy art—

Alas! nor skill nor guide had he,

Save warmth o' heart!

† The Castle-Hill of Stirling, from which the finest view of the Carse is seen.

Yet feckless as his numbers fell,
Nae tongue his peacefu' joys can tell,
Whan, crooning quietly by himsel,
He framed the lay
On *Gowland's* whin-beflowered hill
And rocky brae.

How richly then the landscape glowed
As fast the welcome numbers flowed!
How smooth the plying barge † then rowed
Frae shore to shore!
How saft the kye in King's Park lowed
At milking hour!

† The Abbey ferry-boat.

And ah! how sweet the murmur rang
Frae busy labour's rural thrang!
That stal the upland heights amang,
And, echoing, spread
Owre Castle, Butts, and *Knott*[2], alang
The Backwalk shade.—

Dear, peacefu' scenes! how sweet to sing!
Whan youth and love are on the wing;
Whan morn's fresh gales their fragrance bring,
Wi' balmy sough,
And e'ening paints (how green in spring!)
The 'braes o' Tough!'

But sweet, through a' the varying year,
Will *Airthrie*'s banks and woods appear;
And crouse *Craigforth* and princely *Keir*,
That crowns the scen
And Allan water, glittering near
Its bleaching green.

And Blair, half hid in silvan shade,
Where Taste and HOME † delighted strayed;
What time? when Lear and Genius fled
Frae bar and town,
To Teath's clear stream, that babbling play'd
By Castle Down.—

† Henry Home, Lord Kames, one of the Senators of College of Justice, and author of many ingenious and le ed performances.

And *Shaw-park*, gilt wi' e'ening's ray;

And Embro' castle, distant grey†;

Wi' *Alva*, screened near Aichil brae,

'Mang grove and bower!

And rich *Clackmannan*, rising gay,

Wi' woods and tower;

—These, aft he traced, fond nature's child!

But maist at e'ening blushing mild,

As owre the western cliffs sae wild

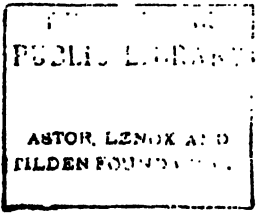
O' Lomond's‡ height,

The sun, in setting glory, smiled

Wi' purple light!

† Edinburgh castle, though distant 35 miles from Stirling, is seen from the Castle-hill in a favourable day.

‡ Ben Lomond, the highest of the Grampian mountains, that bound the Carse of Stirling to the north-west.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'Twas then, by gloaming's sober hour,
He'd court some solitude obscure;
Or round Cam'skenneth's † ancient tower,
Whar winds Forth's stream,
He'd wander, meditate, and pour
This moral theme:—

'How still and solemn steals the gloom
Mild owre the garden's fading bloom!
Dim flits the bat athwart the tomb,
On leathern wing;
—Hark! what bemoaned the slaughtered doom
O' Scotia's king?—

† The Abbey of Cambuskenneth, founded by David I. king of Scotland, anno 1147.

'Twas but the dove that woos his mate,
Unmindfu' o' the monarch's fate:
Whar, Grandeur, now thy regal state?—
Unmarkt!—and gone!
Nor sculptured verse records thy date,
Nor moss-grown stone!'

Yet regal pomp, and courtly show,
Aft graced yon castle's [3] princely brow,
Whan Scotland's kings, wi' patriot glow,
Delighted, woo'd
STREVLINA's fertile fields below,
And winding flood!

Sublime retreat! beloved! admired!
Whase rural charms sae aft conspired
To calm the raging breast, whan fired
'Gainst lawless power,
And yield, mid social sweets retired,
Life's happier hour!

To sheathe in peace War's slaughtering sword;
To drap the King at friendship's board;
To draw frae Love's delicious hoard
Her honeyed sweet!
And chain fierce Valour's lofty lord
At beauty's feet.

Or join the chace, at purple morn,
Owre lawns, and heath-bloomed mountains borne;
Wi' hound, and hawk, and bugle horn,
And shouting thrang;
While *Sauchie*'s glens, beflowered wi' thorn,
The notes prolang;

Or break the lance, and couch the spear
At tilts and tournaments o' weir,
Whar mony a valiant knight and peer
Displayed their skill,
To courtly beauty, blushing near,
On '*Lady's hill*[4].'

Thus, tuned to pastime's peacefu' string,
Strevlina's craigs and valley[4] ring;
Blithe roamed the courtier and the king
By Fortha's flood,
Till faction soared on raven wing,
Bedrapt wi' blood!

'Twas then ilk sport and rural charm
Fled court, and plain, and cheerless farm!—
Rebellion loud, wi' dread alarm,
Skreighed wild her cry,
And murder dark, wi' dagger'd arm,
Stood watching by!

O Treason!—ranc'rous, ruthless fae!
Sad source o' Scotland's wars and wae!
Not guiltless power, here changed to clay†,
Could calm thy strife,
Nor ward thy boiling bloody fray
And butchering knife!

Alas! nor HE‡, whase youthfu' bloom [5]
Lang felt oppression's tyrant doom;
Though Science, mid the captive gloom,
And Genius bright,
And Fancy, at her fairy loom,
Shot radiant light!—

† James III. murdered in the village of Bannockburn, after the battle fought with his rebellious nobles, under the command of the Duke of Rothsay, his own son. He was buried near the remains of his queen, in the abbey church of Cambuskenneth, 1488.

‡ James I. of Scotland. See note [5].

—Insatiate fiend! could nought allay
Thy rebel rage 'gainst regal sway!—
Not Flodden-Field, whase fatal day
Brought dool and care,
Whan Scotland's Flowers were wed away †,
To bloom nae mair;

Nor Solway's heart-break, and disgrace ‡,
Nor Mary's tears, nor beauteous face §,
Could stop, fell fae! thy furious pace
Bestained wi' crime,
Till STUART's royal, luckless race!
Fled Scotia's clime.

† Alluding to the beautiful and pathetic ballad of the 'Flowers of the Forest.'

‡ James V. was so affected with the unfortunate and disgraceful affair at Solway Frith, near the river Esk, that he died a few days afterwards, literally of a broken heart.

§ Mary, Queen of Scotland.

—Dark gloomed the morn, owre land and sea,
Whan Scotia, sad, wi' tearfu' ee,
Saw, frae her pine-waved cliffs on hie,
And aiken bowers,
Her king, and independence, flee
Strev'lina's towers!

Not sae the morn, that beaming shed
A blaze round WALLACE' helmed head,
As bauld in freedom's cause he led
His patriot train,
And dyed these blood-drenched furrows red
Wi' hostile slain!

Nor yet, O BRUCE†! the morn that shone
Bright, bright! whan (Edward's host ow'rthrown)
High, on yon proud hill's Standard Stone‡,
Thy banners flew;
While *Freedom*, loud, in raptured tone,
Her clarion blew!

—Enchanting morn! whase magic reign
Brak forging Thraldom's galling chain;
Led Ceres, wi' her laughing train,
And golden store,
Round BANNOCKBURN's ensanguined plain,
And Carron's shore.

† King Robert the Bruce.

‡ The stone where Bruce's standard was fixed during the memorable battle of Bannockburn. It may still be seen on an eminence near the village of St Ninians, with a hole in the centre where the end of the standard was fixed, and thence named the '*bore-stone*.'

Round 'Carun's stream,' o' classic name,
Whar FINGAL fought, and ay ow'rcame†;
Whar OSSIAN wak'd, wi' kindling flame,
His heaven-taught lays,
And sang his OSCAR's deathless fame
At Dunipáce†!

—Names, gratefu' to the patriot's ear!
Which Scotia's sons delight to hear!—
Names, that the brave will lang revere
Wi' valour's sigh!
—Dear to the Muse!—but doubly dear
To LIBERTY!'—

‡ Vide the war of Caros, and the beautiful poem Comala.

Thus, (blind to prudence' warning light)
Aft sighed and sang the pensive wight!—
Reckless, alas! o' fortune's blight,
Or warldly blame,
He'd muse, and dream, till dark midnight,
Then daunder hame!—

Ye flowering plains and winding stream!
Ye stately towers! whar morn's first beam
Mild glittering glints wi' gowden gleam!
Yours was the crime:
Ye first enticed his youth to dream
In thriftless rhime!

Ye first unlocked the secret door
That led to Nature's varied store;
And taught him early to adore
Her tempting smile,
Whether on India's pictured shore
Or Britain's isle.—

Ye classic fields, whar valour bled!
Whar patriots fell, but never fled!
Ye plains, wi' smiling plenty clad,
A lang adieu!
A dark'ning cloud, wi' ills ow'rspread,
Obscures the view!

A warning voice, sad owre the main
Cries, ‘ haste ye !—haste !—break aff the strain :—
STREVLINA’s towers and peerless plain
Ye’ll ne’er review !’—
Dear haunts o’ youth, and love’s saft pain,
A last adieu !

NOTES.

NOTE [1], p. 135, l. 3.

'Any other with which he is acquainted.'

IN support of this assertion some proof perhaps may be expected; but as any dissertation on this subject might lead to an unwarrantable length, we shall extract the following very judicious remarks of an anonymous, though good critic, on some of the peculiar advantages of the Scottish language for subjects of poetry.

'It contains a number of vocables peculiarly expressed, and purely its own. Many of them are monosyllables, and yet they convey an extent and an energy of meaning, which most of the modern languages can but imperfectly collect, even by circumlocution. Its powers of termination, especially in diminutives and expressions of endearment,

are far from being inconsiderable, and in many instances it appears to be little inferior to that of the Italian. It possesses a considerable portion of that rustic simplicity so much admired in the Doric dialect of the Greeks, and not a little also of the smoothness of the Ionic. Like the former, it drops final consonants, one for another, and converts many of the vowels and diphthongs of English words into A and I; and, like the latter, it delights to throw out the consonants, to produce a concourse of vowels to soften the sound, and promote the flow of those harsher terms which less easily combine in versification. It abounds in terms and phrases connected with domestic and social life; with rural scenery, sentiments and occupations, and hence is peculiarly fitted for pastoral poetry, the lighter ode, and the description of external nature. It surpasses in humourous representation, and is far from being unsuitable to the plaintive and the tender.'

After all, the author has good reason to think, that nothing advanced on this subject will impress the mere English reader with favourable opinions of Scottish poetry, nor can it be expected. The peculiar beauties of a language can be discover-

ed only by a perfect knowledge of the particular phrases and metaphorical turns of expression in which it abounds, and by an association of ideas accompanying the phraseology used, or the imagery thereby conveyed. Without these, it is next to an impossibility that its chief excellencies can be appretiated, and, consequently, cannot be relished. Many indeed pretend to understand and admire what all praise, and what celebrity has rendered it fashionable to extol, while the principal beauties are completely concealed from view.—As a proof of this, nine English readers out of ten, while they pretend to understand what they read, pronounce not only Burns's poetry, but all Scottish poetry whatever, vulgar; not attending to this mortifying fact in the mutability of living language, that what is considered vulgar now, was once a court language, and esteemed elegant, and that nearly one half of Shakespeare's language is *pure Scotch.* The author, however, freely admits, that by adopting, without careful discrimination, coarse local phrases and provincialisms, much vulgarity, as well as much obscurity, in Scottish poetry may be, and certainly *has* been introduced. But this applies no more to Scottish than to English

poetry; since the one, unquestionably, has its elegancies as well as the other. The chief distinguishing difference of the two *poetical* languages at present seems to be, *great simplicity*, without childish imbecility, or insipidity of expression, in the first; qualities which, owing to modern art and established practice, cannot now be combined in the latter.

NOTE *, p. 147, l. 11; and p. 148, l. 5.

'How saft the kye in King's Park lowed.'
'Owre Castle, Butts, and Knott.'

'Upon the south-west of the castle lies a large park, inclosed with a stone wall, called the King's Park, where the court used to divert themselves with hunting of the deer, which were kept in it. At the east end of the park lie the royal gardens: vestiges of the walks and parterres, with a few stumps of fruit trees, are still visible.—In the gardens is a mound of earth, in form of a table, called the *king's knott*, with benches of earth round it, where, according to tradition, the court sometimes held *fêtes champetres*. Around the gar-

dens, too, are vestiges of a canal, upon which the royal family and court used to divert themselves in pleasure boats.'—*Nimmo's Hist. of Stirlingshire*, p. 250, 151.

NOTE [3], p. 152, l. 8.

'Aft graced yon castle's princely brow.'

The castle of Stirling, on account of its beautiful situation and delightful prospect, was the favourite residence of our Scottish kings, particularly of the James's.—James III. was so attached to it, that he built a palace, with an elegant chapel in it.—To procure funds for the support of a dean, prebends, a numerous band of singers, musicians, and other officers, he suppressed the Priory of Coldingham, and endowed his chapel with the revenues: a circumstance which produced the rebellion that shortly after occasioned the tragical death of that mild and unfortunate monarch.—*See Henry's Hist. of Great Britain.*

NOTE [4], p. 154, l. 12, and p. 155, l. 2.

'On Lady's hill.'
'Strevlina's craigs and valley ring.'

In the Castle-hill is a hollow called *the Valley*, comprehending about an acre of ground, and having all the appearance of an artificial work, which was used for tilts and tournaments, with other feats of chivalry; and closely adjoining to this valley, upon the south, is a small rocky mount, rising in form of a pyramid, called *the Ladies Hill*, 'upon which the ladies of the court took their station to behold those exercises.' *Nimmo's Hist.* p. 252.

NOTE [5], p. 156, l. 7.

'Alas! nor he, whase youthfu' bloom.'

'James I. of Scotland was one of the most accomplished and amiable princes that ever filled a throne. He was likewise one of the most unfortunate. After upwards of eighteen years captivity in England, and encountering many difficulties on

his return to his native kingdom, he was, in the prime of life, murdered by barbarous assassins in the Carthusian monastery of Perth. In the monument of genius, James has been almost equally unfortunate. No vestiges are now remaining of his skill in architecture, gardening, and painting, though we are well assured, by one who was well acquainted with him †, that in all these arts he excelled. Many of the productions of his pen have also perished; for he tells us himself ‡, that he wrote much; and we know of only three of his poems that are now extant, viz. Christ's Kirk on the Green, Peebles to the Play, and the King's Quair, which was lately discovered by Mr Wharton, and since published by William Tytler of Woodhouselee, Esq.'—*Henry's Hist.*—'He was,' continues Henry, 'not only the most learned king, but one of the most learned men of the age in which he flourished; and seems to have been born to excel in every art to which he applied his mind.' Independently of his other singular ac-

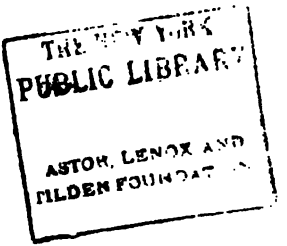
† Scotichron. lib. 16. cap. 30.

‡ King's Quair, cant. 1. stanza 13.

complishments, James particularly excelled in music, not only as a performer, but as a composer: and it is to his admirable genius that the musical world is so much indebted for the invention (amidst the gloom of solitude and confinement) of that sweet and plaintive Scotch and Italian* melody, which, as the above mentioned author justly remarks, 'has given pleasure to millions in every succeeding age.'

* *Alexandro Tassoni* mentions James King of Scotland, having, of himself, invented a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all others, in which he was imitated by Carlo Gesualdo, prince of Venosa, who, in our age (says Parsons) has improved music with new and admirable inventions. As the Prince of Venosa imitated king James, the other musicians of Italy imitated the Prince of Venosa. 'The most noble Carlo Gesualdo, the prince of musicians in our age (says Sir John Hawkins, vol. iii. p. 212) introduced such a style of modulation, that other musicians yield the preference to him; and all singers and players on stringed instruments, laying aside that of others, every where embraced his.'

Edinburgh,
Printed by James Ballantyne.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FRONTISPIECE.

Stothard del. *Neagle sculp.*

'Come under my plaidy, sit down beside me;
There's room in't, dear Lassie! believe me for true.

see page 137

Published as the Act directs by Longman Rees & Co. 1 Jan.y 1806

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.

A NEW EDITION,

CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

Veritatis simplex oratio est.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.
FOR MUNDELL AND SON, MANNERS AND MILLER;
AND A. CONSTABLE AND CO.
AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
AND JOHN MURRAY, LONDON.
1806.

SCOTLAND'S SCAITH;

OR, THE

HISTORY OF WILL AND JEAN:

OWRE TRUE A TALE!

So shall thy poverty come, as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man.——PROV.

TO

DAVID DOIG, LL.D. F.S.S.A.

MASTER OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
STIRLING.

MY DEAR SIR,

AFTER having taken one liberty with you, which your indulgent friendship induced you to excuse, you see I am determined to put your good nature to the test, by taking another. The harmless artifice of an author concealing himself, by ascribing his work to the pen of a friend, is a species of literary fraud, which, as it implies neither vanity nor ambition, may be easily overlooked; but to dedicate, without permission, a performance which has obtained uncommon proofs of public approbation, is a freedom, which, perhaps, by the illiberal, might be im-

puted, not to an impulse of affection, but to a confidence of success. I trust, however, that you and I know one another too well, to require the formality of ceremony to secure our friendship; or laboured apology to evince our motives of regard.—It, therefore, only rests with me at present, to inform the public, that, by this address, my object is not to solicit a patron to what has already been so liberally patronized, but to communicate a fact, which I cannot, in justice, prevail on myself to conceal; namely, that without the kind interference, and friendly assistance of Dr Doig, the poem of Scotland's Scaith, in all likelihood, would never have been published.

My motives for having depicted, and yours in publishing this too faithful portrait of modern depravity, were the same. Impressed with the baneful consequences inseparable from an inordinate use of ardent spirits among the lower orders of society, and anxious to contribute something that

might at least tend to retard the contagion of so dangerous an evil; it was conceived, in the ardour of philanthropy, that a natural, pathetic story, in verse, calculated to enforce moral truths, in the language of simplicity and passion, might probably interest the uncorrupted; and that a striking picture of the calamities incident to idle debauchery, contrasted with the blessings of industrious prosperity, might (although insufficient to reclaim abandoned vice) do something to strengthen and encourage endangered virtue. Visionary as these fond expectations may have been, it is pleasing to cherish the idea; and if we may be allowed to draw favourable inferences, from the sale of ten thousand copies in the short space of five months, why should we despair of success?

Having said so much on so trivial a subject, allow me, in conclusion, to add a few words to the person who has been the chief cause of the present publication. On this opportunity, I must confess,

I am strongly tempted to say much; but the recollection of a modesty as remarkable as the genius and erudition of its possessor, restrains the fervour of friendship, and withholds the just tribute of applause. A more lively, and more pleasing recollection of virtues, which are superior to all that literature or talents can bestow, inclines me, however, to think, that indifferent as you have long been to the 'obstreperous trump of fame,' the 'still small voice of gratitude' and esteem will not be unpleasant to your ear; and that you will believe me to be, without farther profession,

My dear Sir,

Your affectionate

And most obedient Servant,

HECTOR MACNEILL.

EDIN. *July*, 1795.

WILL AND JEAN.

PART I.

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace,
Wha in neighbouring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm!

Wha wi' Will could rin or wrastle?
Throw the sledge, or toss the bar?
Hap what would, he stood a castle,
Or for safety, or for war:

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',
With the bauld he bauld could be;
But to friends wha had their handfu',
Purse and service aye ware free.

Whan he first saw JEANIE MILLER,
Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?—
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
But ware ony half sae fair?

Saft her smile raise like May morning,
Glinting o'er Demait's† brow:
Sweet! wi' opening charms adorning
Strevlin's‡ lovely plains below!

† One of the Ochil hills, near Stirling. Dun-ma-chit (Gaelic), the hill of the good prospect. It is pronounced Demyit.

‡ The ancient name of Stirling.

Kind and gentle was her nature;
At ilk place she bore the bell;—
Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature!
But her look nae tongue can tell!

Such was Jean, whan Will first mawing,
Spied her on a thraward beast;
Flew like fire, and just whan fa'ing
Kept her on his manly breast.

Light he bore her, pale as ashes,
Cross the meadow, fragrant, green!
Placed her on the new-mawn rashes,
Watching sad her opening een.

Such was Will, whan poor Jean fainting
Drapt into a lover's arms;
Wakened to his saft lamenting;
Sighed, and blushed a thousand charms.

Soon they loo'd, and soon were buckled;
Nane took time to think and rue.—
Youth and worth and beauty cuppled;
Love had never less to do.

Three short years flew by fu' canty,
Jean and Will thought them but ane;
Ilka day brought joy and plenty,
Ilka year a dainty wean;

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Stothard del. Milton

Will wrought sair, but aye wi' pleasure;
Jean the hale day span and sang;
Will and Jeans her constant treasure,
Blest wi' them, nae day seemd lang.

Published as the Act directs by Longman & Rees 1st Jan.y 1806.

Will wrought sair, but aye with pleasure;
Jean, the hale day, spun and sang;
Will and weans, her constant treasure,
Blest with them, nae day seemed lang;

Trig her house, and oh! to busk aye
Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride!—
But at this time NEWS AND WHISKY
Sprang nae up at ilk road-side.

Luckless was the hour when Willie,
Hame returning frae the fair,
O'er-took Tam, a neighbour billie,
Sax miles frae their hame and mair;

Simmer's heat had lost its fury;
Calmly smiled the sober e'en;
Lasses on the bleachfield hurry
Skelping barefoot o'er the green;

Labour rang with laugh and clatter,
Canty hairst was just begun,
And on mountain, tree, and water,
Glinted saft the setting sun.

Will and Tam, with hearts a' lowping,
Marked the hale, but could nae bide;
Far frae hame, nae time for stopping,
Baith wished for their ain fire-side:

On they travelled, warm and drouthy,
Cracking o'er the news in town;
The mair they cracked, the mair ilk youthy
Prayed for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens
To poor merit's modest prayer,
And on fools heaps needless blessins,
Harkened to our drouthy pair;

In a howm, whase bonnie burnie
Whimperin rowed its crystal flood,
Near the road, whar trav'lers turn aye,
Neat and bield a cot-house stood;

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,
Window broads just painted red;
Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
Haflins seen and haflins hid;

Up the gavel-end thick spreading
Crap the clasping ivy green,
Back owre, firs the high craigs cleading,
Raised a' round a cozey soreen;

Down below, a flowery meadow
Joined the burnie's rambling line;—
Here it was, that Howe, the widow,
This same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
Bottom, Will first marv'ling sees
'*Porter*, *Ale*, and BRITISH SPIRITS,'
Painted bright between twa trees.

'Godsake! Tam, here's walth for drinking;—
(Wha can this new comer be?')
'Hoot! quo Tam, there's drouth in thinking—
Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see.'

Nae mair time they took to speak or
Think of ought but reaming jugs;
Till three times in humming liquor
Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slockened now, refreshed and talking,
In cam Meg (weel skilled to please)
'Sirs! ye're surely tired wi' walking;—
Ye maun taste my bread and cheese.'

'Thanks, quo Will;—I canna tarry,
Pick mirk night is setting in,
Jean, poor thing's! her lane, and eery—
I maun to the road and rin.'

'Hoot! quo' Tam, what's a' the hurry!
Hame's now scarce a mile o' gate—
Come! sit down—Jean winna wearie:
Lord! I'm sure it's no sae late!'

Will, o'ercome with Tam's oration,
Baith fell to, and ate their fill—
'Tam,' quo' Will, 'in meer discretion,
We maun hae the widow's gill.'

After ae gill cam anither—
Meg sat cracking 'tween them twa,
Bang! cam in Mat Smith and's brither,
Geordie Brown and Sandie Shaw.

Neighbours wha ne'er thought to meet here,
Now sat down wi' double glee,
Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter!—
Will got hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, poor thing! had lang been greetin;
Will, next morning, blamed Tam Lowes,
But ere lang, a weekly meetin
Was set up at Maggie Howe's.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART II.

MAIST things hae a sma' beginning,
But wha kens how things will end?
Weekly clubs are nae great sinning,
If folk hae enough to spend.

But nae man o' sober thinking
E'er will say that things can thrive,
If there's spent in weekly drinking
What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun aye hae conversation,
Ilka social soul allows;
But, in this reforming nation,
Wha can speak without the NEWS?

News, first meant for state physicians,
Deeply skilled in courtly drugs;
Now, whan a' are politicians,
Just to set folks by the lugs.—

Maggie's club, wha could get nae light
On some things that should be clear,
Found ere lang the fault, and ae night
Clubbed, and got the Gazetteer †.

† The Edinburgh Gazetteer, a violent opposition pape published in 1793-4.

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,
Swift! by post the papers fled!
Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house,
Every time the news are read.

Ilk ane's wiser than anither,—
'Things are no ga'en right,' quo' Tam,
'Let us aftener meet thegither;
Twice a week's no worth a d—n.'

See them now in grave convention,
To mak a' things '*square and even*;'
Or at least wi' firm intention
To drink sax nights out o' seven.

Mid this sitting up and drinking,
Gathering a' the news that fell;
Will, wha was nae yet past thinking,
Had some battles wi' himsell.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poison
Bare ilk firm resolve awa;
On the ither, Jean's condition
Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smothered sorrow!
Weel he saw her bleaching cheek!
Marked the smile she strave to borrow,
When, poor thing, she could nae speak!

Jean, at first, took little heed o'
Weekly clubs mang three or four,
Thought, kind soul! that Will had need o'
Heartsome hours whan wark was owre.

But whan now that nightly meetings
Sat and drank frae sax till twa;
Whan she faund that hard-earned gettings
Now on drink ware thrown awa;

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheerie
Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,
Now grown mauchless, dowf and sweer aye
To look near his farm or wark;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,
  Healthy bloom, and sprightly ee;
And o' love and hame grown wearit,
  Nightly frae his family flee;—

Wha could blame her heart's complaining?
  Wha condemn her sorrows meek?
Or the tears that now ilk e'ening
  Bleached her lately crimsoned cheek!—

Will, wha lang had rued and swithered,
  (Aye ashamed o' past disgrace)
Marked the roses as they withered
  Fast on Jeanie's lovely face!

Marked,—and felt wi' inward racking,
A' the wyte lay wi' himsel,—
Swore next night he'd mak a breaking,—
D—d the club and news to hell!

But, alas! whan habit's rooted,
Few hae pith the root to pu';
Will's resolves were aye nonsuited,
Promised aye, but aye got fou;

Aye at first at the *convening*
Moralized on what was right,—
Yet o'er clavers entertaining
Dozed and drank till brade day-light.

Things at length draw near an ending;
Cash runs out; Jean, quite unhappy,
Sees that Will is now past mending,
Tynes a' heart, and taks a—drappy†!

Ilka drink deserves a posey;
Port maks men rude, *claret* civil;
Beer maks Britons stout and rosy,
WHISKY maks ilk wife—a devil.

† The author cannot refrain from seizing the last opportunity he may ever have, to caution his female readers against the vice, here intentionally introduced. Women are not sufficiently aware of the danger annexed to the *smallest* indulgence in spirituous liquors. A delicate frame, or a susceptible mind, experiencing a temporary relief from a pernicious stimulus, has recourse to it at a time when the best *cordials* are fortitude and resignation. Hence the deplorable habit of dram-drinking—a habit the most disgusting!—the most degrading to the female character!

Jean, wha lately bore affliction
Wi' sae meek and mild an air,
Schooled by whisky, learns new tricks soon,
Flytes, and storms, and rugs Will's hair.

Jean, sae late the tenderest mither,
Fond of ilk dear dauted wean!
Now, heart-hardened a'thegither,
Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha vogie, loo'd to busk aye
In her hame-spun, thrifty wark;
Now sells a' her braws for whisky,
To her last gown, coat, and sark!

ROBIN BURNS, in mony a ditty,
Loudly sings in whisky's praise;
Sweet his sang!—the mair's the pity
E'er on it he wared sic lays.

Of a' the ills poor Caledonia
E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
Brewed in hell's black Pandemonia,
Whisky's ill will scaith her maist!—

'Wha was ance like WILLIE GAIRLACE!
Wha in neighbouring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm!

'Whan he first saw JEANIE MILLER,
Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
But were ony half sae fair?'

See them *now*—how changed wi' drinking!
A' their youthfu' beauty gane!—
Davered, doited, daized and blinking,
Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November,
(Claise, and cash, and credit out)
Cowring o'er a dying ember,
Wi' ilk face as white's a clout;

Bond and bill, and debts a' stopped,
Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;
Cattle, beds, and blankets rouped,
Now to pay the laird his rent;

No another night to lodge here!
No a friend their cause to plead!
He ta'en on to be a sodger,
She, wi' weans, to beg her bread!

'O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
Brewed in hell's black Pandemonia,
Whisky's ill will scaith her maist!!

THE WAES O' WAR:

OR,

THE UPSHOT

OF THE

HISTORY OF WILL AND JEAN.

IN FOUR PARTS.

——Felices ter et amplius
Quos adversa docet Sors sapientiam. BOETH.

Thrice happy pair,
Wha wit frae luckless Fortune lear!

THE WAES O' WAR.

PART I.

Oh ! that folk wad weel consider
What it is to tyne a—NAME,
What this warld is a'thegither,
If bereft of honest fame !

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour;
Hardships ne'er breed sorrow's smart,
If bright *conscience* taks upon her
To shed sunshine round the heart:

But wi' a' that wealth can borrow,
Guilty shame will aye look down;
What maun then shame, want, and sorrow,
Wandering sad frae town to town!

Jeanie Miller, ance sae cheerie!
Ance sae happy, good, and fair,
Left by Will, next morning drearie,
Taks the road o' black despair!

Cauld the blast!—the day was sleeting;
Pouch and purse without a plack!
In ilk hand a bairnie greeting,
And the third tied on her back.

Wan her face! and lean and hagard!
Ance sae sonsy! ance sae sweet!
What a change!—unhoused and beggared,
Starving, without claise or meat!

Far frae ilk kent spot she wandered,
Skulking like a guilty thief;
Here and there, uncertain, daundered,
Stupified wi' shame and grief:

But soon shame for bygane errors
Fled owre fast for ee to trace,
When grim death, wi' a' his terrors,
Cam o'er ilk sweet bairnie's face!

Spent wi' toil, and cauld and hunger,
Baith down drapt! and down Jean sat!
'Daised and doited' now nae langer;
Thought—and felt—and bursting grat.

Gloaming fast wi' mirky shadow
Crap o'er distant hill and plain;
Darkened wood, and glen, and meadow,
Adding fearfu' thoughts to pain!

Round and round, in wild distraction,
Jeanie turned her tearfu' ee!
Round and round for some protection!—
Face nor house she could na see!

Dark, and darker grew the night aye;
Loud and sair the cauld winds thud!
Jean now spied a sma bit lightie
Blinking through a distant wood:

Up wi' frantic haste she started;
Cauld, nor fear, she felt nae mair;
Hope, for ae bright moment, darted
Through the gloom of dark despair!

Fast o'er fallowed lea she brattled;
Deep she wade through bog and burn;
Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,
Till she reached the hoped sojourn.

Proud, 'mang scenes of simple nature,
Stately auld, a mansion stood
On a bank, whase sylvan feature
Smiled out-o'er the roaring flood:

Summer here, in varied beauty
Late her flowery mantle spread,
Where auld chesnut, ake, and yew-tree,
Mingling, lent their friendly shade:

Blasted now, wi' winter's ravage;
A' their gaudy livery cast;
Wood and glen, in wailings savage,
Howl and murmur to the blast!

Darkness stalked wi' fancy's terror;—
Mountains moved, and castle rocked!
Jean, half dead wi' toil and horror,
Reached the door, and loudly knocked.

'Wha this rudely wakes the sleeping?'
Cried a voice wi' angry grane;
'Help! oh help!' quo Jeanie, weeping,
'Help my infants, or they're gane!

'Nipt wi' cauld!—wi' hunger fainting!
Baith lie speechless on the lea!
Help!' quo Jeanie, loud lamenting,
'Help my lammies! or they'll die!'

'Wha this travels cauld and hungry,
Wi' young bairns sae late at e'en?
Beggars!' cried the voice, mair angry,
'Beggars! wi' their brats, I ween.'

'Beggars *now*, alas! wha lately
Helpt the beggar and the poor!'
'Fye! gudeman! cried ane discreetly,
'Taunt nae poortith at our door.

'Sic a night, and tale thegither,
Plead for mair than anger's din:—
Rise, Jock!' cried the pitying mither,
'Rise! and let the wretched in.'

'Beggars now, alas! wha lately
Helpt the beggar and the poor!'
'Enter!' quo' the youth fu' sweetly,
While up flew the open door.

'Beggar, or what else, sad mourner!
Enter without fear or dread;
Here, thank God! there's aye a corner
To defend the houseless head!

'For your bairnies cease repining;
If in life, ye'll see them soon.'—
Aff he flew; and brightly shining
Through the dark clouds brak the moon.

PART II.

HERE, for ae night's kind protection,
Leave we JEAN and weans a while;
Tracing WILL in ilk direction,
Far frae Britain's fostering isle!

Far frae scenes o' saftening pleasure,
Love's delights and beauty's charms!
Far frae friends and social leisure,—
Plunged in murdering WAR's alarms!

Is it nature, vice, or folly,
  Or ambition's feverish brain,
That so oft wi' melancholy
  Turns, sweet PEACE! thy joys to pain!

Strips thee of thy robes of ermin,
  (Emblems of thy spotless life)
And in WAR's grim look alarming,
  Arms thee with the murd'rer's knife!

A' thy gentle mind upharrows!
  Hate, revenge, and rage uprears!
And for hope and joy—(twin marrows),
  Leaves the mourner drowned in tears!

Willie Gairlace, without siller,
Credit, claise, or ought beside,
Leaves his ance-loved Jeanie Miller,
And sweet bairns, to warld wide!

Leaves his native cozy dwelling,
Sheltered haughs, and birken braes;
Greenswaird hows, and dainty .nealing,
Ance his profit, pride and praise!

Deckt wi' scarlet, sword, and musket,
Drunk wi' dreams as fause as vain;
Fleeched and flattered, roosed and buskit,
Wow! but Will was wond'rous fain!

Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking;
How could thought her station keep?
Drams and drumming (faes to thinking)
Dozed reflection fast asleep.

But in midst of toils and dangers,
Wi' the cauld ground for his bed,
Compassed round with faes and strangers,
Soon Will's dreams o' fancy fled.

Led to battle's blood-dy'd banners,
Waving to the widow's moan!
Will saw glory's boasted honours
End in life's expiring groan!

Round Valenciennes' strong waa'd city,
Thick o'er Dunkirk's fatal plain,
Will (tho' dauntless) saw wi' pity
Britain's valiant sons lie slain!

Fired by freedom's burning fever,
Gallia struck death's slaughtering knell;
Frae the Scheld to Rhine's deep river,
Britons fought—but Britons fell!

Fell unaided! though cemented
By the faith of friendship's laws;
Fell unpity'd—unlamented!
Bleeding in a thankless cause†!

† Alluding to the conduct of the Dutch.

In the thrang of comrades deeing,
Fighting foremost o' them a';
Swift! fate's winged ball cam fleeing,
And took Willie's leg awa:

Thrice frae aff the ground he started,
Thrice to stand he strave in vain;
Thrice, as faihting strength departed,
Sighed—and sank 'mang hundreds slain.—

On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,
Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay;
Without cover, bed or bedding,
Five lang nights Will Gairlace lay!

In a sick-house, damp and narrow,
(Left behint wi' mony mair)
See Will next, in pain and sorrow,
Wasting on a bed of care.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,
Doctors cured wi' healing art;—
Cured! alas!—but never! never!
Cooled the fever at his heart!

For when a' were sound and sleeping,
Still and on, baith ear and late,
Will in briny grief lay steeping,
Mourning o'er his hapless fate!

A' his gowden prospects vanished!
A' his dreams o' warlike fame!—
A' his glittering phantoms banished!
Will could think o' nought but—hame!

Think o' nought but rural quiet,
Rural labour! rural ploys!
Far frae carnage, blood, and riot,
WAR, and a' its murd'ring joys.

PART III.

BACK to Britain's fertile garden
Will's returned (exchanged for faes),
Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,
Friend, or credit, meat, or claise.

Lang through county, burgh, and city,
Crippling on a wooden leg,
Gathering alms frae melting pity;
See! poor Gairlace forced to beg!

Placed at length on Chelsea's bounty,
Now to langer beg thinks shame,
Dreams ance mair o' smiling plenty;—
Dreams o' former joys, and hame!

Hame! and a' its fond attractions
Fast to Will's warm bosom flee;
While the thoughts o' dear connexions
Swell his heart, and blind his ee.—

'Monster! wha could leave neglected
Three sma' infants and a wife,
Naked—starving—unprotected!—
Them, too, dearer ance than life!

"Villain! wha wi' graceless folly
Ruined her he ought to save!—
Changed her joys to melancholy,
Beggary, and,—perhaps, a grave!"

Starting!—wi' remorse distracted,—
Crushed wi' grief's increasing load,
Up he banged; and, sair afflicted,
Sad and silent took the road!

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin,
Sometimes helpit, Will got forth;
On a cart, or in a waggon,
Hirpling ay towards the north.

Tired ae e'ening, stepping hooly,
Pondering on his thraward fate,
In the bonny month o' July,
Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Saft the southlan breeze was blawing,
Sweetly sughed the green ake wood!
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
Strak the ear wi' thundering thud;

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleeting;
Linties chirped on ilka tree;
Frae the wast, the sun, near setting,
Flamed on ROSLIN's towers† sae hie!

† Roslin Castle.

Roslin's towers! and braes sae bonny!
Craigs and water, woods and glen!
Roslin's banks! unpeered by ony,
Save the muses' Hawthornden†!

Ilka sound and charm delighting;
Will (tho' hardly fit to gang)
Wandered on through scenes inviting,
List'ning to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
On a fragrant strawberry steep,
Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,
Wearied nature drapt asleep.

† The ancient seat of the celebrated poet William Drummond, who flourished in 1585.

"Soldier, rise!—the dews o' e'ening
Gathering fa', wi' deadly scaith!—
Wounded soldier! if complaining,
Sleep nae here and catch your death.

"Traveller, waken!—night advancing
Cleads wi' grey the neighbouring hill!
Lambs nae mair on knows are dancing—
A' the woods are mute and still!"

"What hae I," cried Willie, waking,
"What hae I frae night to dree?—
Morn, through clouds in splendour breaking,
Lights nae bright'ning hope to me!

"House, nor hame, nor farm, nor stedding!
Wife nor bairns hae I to see!
House, nor hame! nor bed, nor bedding—
What hae I frae night to dree?"

"Sair, alas! and sad and many
Are the ills poor mortals share!—
Yet, tho' hame nor bed ye hae nae,
Yield nae, soldier, to despair!

"What's this life, sae wae and wearie,
If Hope's bright'ning beams should fail!—
See!—tho' night comes dark and eerie,
Yon sma' cot-light cheers the dale!

'There, tho' wealth and waste ne'er riot,
Humbler joys their comforts shed,
Labour—health—content and quiet!
Mourner! there ye'll find a bed.

'Wife! 'tis true, wi' bairnies smiling,
There, alas! ye needna seek—
Yet there bairns, ilk wae beguiling,
Paint wi' smiles a mother's cheek!

'A' her earthly pride and pleasure
Left to cheer her widowed lot!
A' her warldly wealth and treasure
To adorn her lanely cot!

"Cheer, then, soldier! 'midst affliction
Bright'ning joys will aften shine;
Virtue aye claims Heaven's protection—
Trust to Providence divine!"

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Stothard del. Fitl

Oer green knowe and flowery hallow
Till he reached the ret house door.

Publish'd as the Act directs by Longman & Bees 1st Jan.y 1806.

PART IV.

SWEET as ROSEBANK'S† woods and river
Cool whan simmer's sunbeams dart,
Came ilk word, and cooled the fever
That lang burned at Willie's heart.

Silent stept he on, foor fallow!
Listening to his guide before,
O'er green know, and flowery hallow,
Till they reached the cot-house door.

† Rosebank, near Roslin; the author's place of nativity.

Laigh it was; yet sweet, tho' humble!
Deckt wi' honeysuckle round;
Clear below, Esk's waters rumble,
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers†, sae white and stately,
Dim by gloamin glint to view;
Through Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly
Skies sae red, and lift sae blue!

Entering now, in transport mingle
Mother fond, and happy wean,
Smiling round a canty ingle,
Bleazing on a clean hearth-stane.

† Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Honourable Henry Dundas.

"Soldier, welcome!—come, be cheery!—
Here ye'se rest, and tak your bed—
Faint,—waes me! ye seem, and weary,
Pale's your cheek, sae lately red!"

"Changed I am," sighed Willie till her;
"Changed, nae doubt, as changed can be!
Yet, alas! does Jeanie Miller
Nought o' WILLIE GAIRLACE see!"

Hae ye markt the dews o' morning
Glittering in the sunny ray,
Quickly fa', when, without warning,
Rough blasts came, and shook the spray?

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing
Drap, whan pierced by death mair fleet?
Then, see Jean, wi' colour deeing,
Senseless drap at Willie's feet!

After three lang years affliction,
(A' their waes now hushed to rest,)
Jean ance mair, in fond affection,
Clasps her Willie to her breast.

Tells him a' her sad—sad sufferings!
How she wandered, starving, poor,
Gleaning pity's scanty offerings
Wi' three bairns frae door to door!

How she served—and toiled—and fevered,
Lost her health, and syne her bread;
How that grief, whan scarce recovered,
Took her brain, and turned her head!

How she wandered round the county
Many a live-lang night her lane!
Till at last an angel's bounty
Brought her senses back again:

Gae her meat,—and claise,—and siller;
Gae her bairnies wark and lear;
Lastly, gae this cot-house till her,
Wi' four sterling pounds a-year!

Willie, harkening, wiped his een aye;
"Oh! what sins hae I to rue!
But say, wha's this angel, Jeanie?"
"Wha," quo Jeanie, "but BUCCLEUGH†!"

Here, supported, cheered, and cherished,
Nine blest months, I've lived, and mair;
Seen these infants clad and nourished;
Dried my tears; and tint despair;

Sometimes serving, sometimes spinning,
Light the lanesome hours gae round;
Lightly, too, ilk quarter rinning
Brings yon angel's helping pound!

† The Duchess of Buccleugh; the unwearied patron and supporter of the afflicted and the poor.

"Eight pounds mair," cried Willie, fondly,
"Eight pounds mair will do nae harm!
And, O Jean! gin friends were kindly,
Twall pounds soon might stock a farm.

"There, ance mair, to thrive by plewin,
Freed frae a' that peace destroys,
Idle waste and *druken ruin!*
WAR, and a' its murdering joys!"

Thrice he kissed his lang-lost treasure!
Thrice ilk bairn; but cou'dna speak:
Tears of love, and hope, and pleasure
Streamed in silence dow n his cheek!

To C. L. Esq.

WITH A PRESENT OF A LARGE BOTTLE OF OLD JAMAICA RUM.

Dear honest-hearted, Canty Chairlie!
To wham I'd trust baith late and earlie;
Accept, in token o' regard,
Frae rhyming Mac, your friend and bard,
A gift to raise, on Sunday's even,
Your mind frae earthly thoughts to heaven;
Or what's far mair, to keep frae quaking
Thy graceless saul for Sunday-breaking,
As reckless ay o' prayer or kirk
Ye ply your sinfu' wark till mirk,

'unting owre deeds o' black rascality
SESSION COURTS and ADMIRALITY;
ill tired o' *horning* and *memorial*,
Ye turn frae tricks to things corporeal;
For lang law-draughts, tak ane that's shorter,
(I mean a draught o' Skae's good porter;)
For desperate debts and pleas unlucky,
Sit down, and carve your roasted chucky,
And helping round ilk friend and cousin
That mak, at least, a round half dozen,
Wi' crack—and joke—and steeve rum toddy,
Lord! but ye turn a dainty body!

Now, Charles, without a Sunday's blessing,
Wi' a' your want o' Sunday's dressing;

Wi' hair unkaimed, and beard unshorn,
And slip-shod bachles, auld, and torn;
Coat, that nae decent man wad put on,
And waistcoat aft without a button,
And breeks (let *sans culottes* defend them)
I hope in God, ye'll change, or—mend them.
I say, wi' a' these black transgressions,
(The fruits o' your curst courts and sessions)
There's yet sic sparks o' grace about you;
Sic radiant truth that shines throughout you;
Sic friendship firm;—sic qualms o' honour
Whan sneaking rascals mak you sconner,
That ('pon my faith! I canna help it,
Though for't ilk time I should be skelpit)
I find a secret, inward greeting
O' peace at ilka Sunday meeting;

And feel—ye hash, wi' a' your duds on,
For your attractions like a loadstone;
That warm the heart wi' glows diviner
Than e'er I find for chiels that's finer.

Come, Charlie, then, my friend and brither!
When niest we a' convene thegither.
To crack and joke in converse happy,
I'faith! we'se hae a hearty drappy;
And though I dinna like to buckle
Wi' hours owre late, or drink owre muckle,
Nor think it a' thegither right
To keep folk up on Sunday night,
I am resolved, be't right or sinfu',
To hae at least—'a decent skinfu';'

Wi' heart and hand keep friendship waking,
And trust to heaven for *Sunday-breaking*.
And sure, if bounteous heaven tak pleasure
In harmless mirth, and social leisure,
And grant us ay the power to borrow
Some thoughtless hours to banish sorrow,
To crack and laugh, and drink, nae sin is
Wi' modest worth and Jamie I——s;
After a Sunday's feast—or pascal,
Wi' you, ye kirkless, canty rascal.

Mind then, whan honest, trusty *Peter*†
(Aboon a' praise in prose or metre)
Removes ilk dish, whar late, fu' dainty,
Stood roasted hen, and collops plenty;

† An old man-servant.

roddickins, and penches too,
mussels pickled nice wi' broo;
haddies caller at last carting,
izzered sweet by Mrs Martin!
i' kipper (branded het and broun)
esent sent frae Stirling town,—
, whan Pate, wi' solemn face,
oves ilk thing wi' steddy pace,
brings the reeking burn and bowl
heer ilk presbyterian soul†;
n ance that ye, a' fidging fain,
w the first cork wi' mony a grane;
sometimes girning, sometimes blawin,
mine gin its rightly drawn;

he Sunday supper was called the Presbyterian supper.

Whan three times round the port-wine passes,
And ilka friend has drank three glasses;
Nae langer grane, nor fyke, nor daidle,
But brandish ye the—*lang-shanked ladle*,
That magic wand that has the knack ay
To mak us a' sae pleased and cracky;
That Moses' rod that weets ilk mouthie,
And maks streams gush for hearts that's drowthie,
And has the double power, sae curious!
To mak chiels pleased and sometimes furious.

Now, as I've heard some hair-brained hempy
Growl whan your *chappin* bottle's empty †,
And roar, and swear, wi' aiths that's sinfu',
For what's ay ca'd—'anither *spoonfu'*;'

† The usual modicum.

To satisfy sic maws rapacious,
I herewi' send, o' size capacious,
A *bottle*, primed, my dainty callan,
Wi' somewhat mair than half a gallon
O' precious gear, I've lang been huntin,
Till caught at last frae WATTIE BR——N.
Fill, then!—and *drink!*—and banish dread
O' after sair wame, or sair head;
There's naithing here, our harns to daver,
But rare auld stuff to mak us claver;
For here, I swear in rhyming letter,
D—n me! if e'er ye tasted better!

TO

THE MEMBERS

OF

THE SOBER SOCIETY;

SENT WITH AN ENGRAVING *.

DEAR sober emptyers o' the glass!
Behold your *goddess*—wife, or lass,
De'il hae me gin I ken;
But weel I wat, gin a' be true,
That here she speaks, ye *select few*
Are unco kind o' men!

* This engraving had been at some period thrown off for the use of a *literary* society in London, likewise called the SOBER SOCIETY. The representation was a female figure, with the finger of one hand pointing to the moon (horned)

To *me* (as frankly in a crack
The ither night the jillet spak
Right cheery owre a glass,)
Though hid frae unpoetic brain,
These hieroglyphics speak as plain
As e'er did Balaam's ass.

Ilk sober brither sure has seen
The moon and *seven* stars at e'en
Glittering in spangled heaven;
What mean then *sax*?—the meaning's clear.—
Through a' your meetings in the year
Ye're *fou* sax times in seven.

and *six* stars overhead; and the finger of the other hand pointing to the ground, with this motto—VIRTUS TANDEM VIGEBAT.

Na, mair—by yonder *horned moon*,
Its clear ye're a' horn-mad as soon
As clocks *Beate* fix*;
Sweet! sweet the sounding warning comes!
And, sitting down on stubborn bums,
Ye a' turn—lunatics.

O! then, 'tis said, in canty croon,
A writer chiel ca'd Livingston,
Wi' crack and snuff grows cheery;
And dealing round strong punch and joke,
Good-humoured mad, near twa o'clock
Turns a' things tapsilteery!

* One of the rules of the Sober Club was, that the bill should be called for and paid at eleven o'clock; after which hour every one might do as he inclined; *i. e.* retire, or remain as long as he chose; and as this last liberty was generally productive of *sober happiness*, it was called the BEATE.

Here wad I stap, nor langer keek
Into thae *soberings* ilka week,
And hide what I'm no able;
But yon d——d *fingers*—up and down,
Proclaim whan some are in the moon,
Some lie aneth the table.

In these blessed French perverted days*,
Whan virtue's blamed, and vice gets praise,
And folk wi' *words* are sae bit,
Nae wonder *sober* stands for *fou*,
And drinkers roar out, while they spew,
'VIRTUS TANDEM VIGEBAT.'

* These lines were written during the commencement of Robespierre's reign of *justice, virtue,* and *humanity*.

THE

ROSE O' KIRTLE.

A BALLAD.

In Roslin's bowers bloom fragrant flowers,
On Yarrow's banks they're mony;
Whar Kirtle* flows ance stately rose
The sweetest flower o' ony!
I've travelled east, I've travelled west,
I've been 'mang groves o' myrtle;
Tho' flowers bloomed fair, nane could compare
Wi' the sweet Rose o' Kirtle.

* A small, beautiful stream, in Annandale.

In secret glade it raised its head,
And fair its leaves spread blooming!
And as they spread, they fragrance shed
A' Kirtle's banks perfuming!
Lured by its fame, the young anes came,
(Some came frae west the Shannon)
And ilk ane swore, nae flower before
Bloomed like the rose o' Annan.—

But wise anes knew a death-worm grew
Deep at its roots consuming;
And while they sighed, they mournfu' cried,
'The rose will fade that's blooming!'
'Twas then Fate said, 'frae native glade
We'll pu' the pride o' Kirtle;
In warmer bower we'll plant the flower,
And skreen it round wi' myrtle.'

Sae, Fate updrew the flower, and flew
Where Mersey's* stream rows flowing;
There, skreened frae harm, they plant it warm,
For there *Love's* beams were glowing!
Fair, fair it spread! and gratefu' shed
Its healing balms, sweet smelling!
And as they flew, Affliction knew
Blest HEALTH was near his dwelling.

Oh! had ye been where I hae seen
This rose 'mang myrtles blooming,
Ye wad hae sworn nae canker worm
Was fast its roots consuming:—
But, welladay! looks will betray!
And Death love's joys will sever!—
Ere midnight hour, Death nipt the flower!—
Its *sweets* are——gone for ever!

* The river that runs past Liverpool.

Ye, wha can smile at Life's fause guile,
While Health's warm sun shines beamy,
Learn, that the flower o' Mersey's bower
Was LUCY's peerless JEAMIE;
And ye wha mourn at CURRIE's urn *,
Or weep by Mersey's river,
Learn, that the rose that virtue blows,
Though dead, will——bloom for ever!

* Dr James Currie, late of Liverpool.

SONGS.

THE following small collection of Scottish Songs has, during the author's hours of relaxation, furnished occasional amusement for a number of years back. As they were the first attempt he made to compose in the Scottish dialect, and as the success of some of them was the cause of his succeeding productions in that language, they seem to have some claim to preservation.

Occupied frequently in the execution of what interests and amuses, the mind naturally turns to a consideration of the specific qualities, or distinguishing excellencies of the art that affords pleasure. The characteristic nature of our old Scottish songs and ballads, led the author to a serious consideration of their poetical and lyrical effect; influenced by their peculiar charms, he was indu-

eed to make some feeble attempts at imitation.—Although he was conscious of his inability, he however flattered himself that he had at least discovered the cause of his failure; and while unable to produce attractions, which, for such a length of time, have captivated the minds of millions, consoled himself with the reflection, that what had surpassed his powers, originated from circumstances which had prevented so many more from succeeding in this delicate and beautiful species of composition. What occurred to him on this subject, he will now freely lay before the public. As his remarks are but few, and these short, he need make no apology for trespassing on the time of his reader; and as they may possibly lead to farther investigation, and to the improvement of song writing, they may be received with indulgence.

Lyrical composition has furnished subject for a variety of treatises by men of distinguished talents *and* erudition; and yet (if the author mistakes not)

the essential requisites, or particular *qualities* necessary for this species of writing, have not hitherto been sufficiently defined. In all our most admired songs and ballads, the distinguishing qualities are, *passion*, *delicacy*, and *humour*, expressed in a simplicity of language true to nature, and unfettered by the fastidiousness of art. It necessarily follows, that without the *possession* of similar qualities in the composer, it is next to impossible that he can be successful. *Tenderness*, or the passion of love, as it is not only the most prevalent, but the most attractive, holds the first place in this species of writing; but as the passion is vivid, so must the language be that expresses it. Sentimental love, therefore, or that species of amatory language involved in accompanying sentiment and reflection, is not the right road to the heart. The attack must be instantaneous, and in the fewest words possible, or the influence will be unfelt. Hence the powerful effect of our old pathetic songs and ballads, abrupt in their transitions, and forcible in their

passionate touches; and hence the languid insipidity of our modern sentimental madrigals, that operate like a lullaby. It likewise occurs to the author, that, without a strong natural predilection for *music*, and a mind fully susceptible of its charms, it is unlikely that any poet, however eminent for other qualities, can be successful in song writing. There is so close an union beween these sister arts, that to separate them in the present instance, is like the separation of mind from body. A plaintive, a tender, or a lively air, operating forcibly on a true musical mind, produces wonderful effects on poetic composition; but, independently of this influence, a poet, of real musical taste and feeling, is necessarily, and indeed insensibly, led by the particular cadences and expressive passages in an air, to apply corresponding words and sentiments. If there be any truth in this remark, the impropriety of composing airs to words, instead of words to airs, must be obvious.

The nature of the present subject might authorise the author to say something of those modern writers who have devoted a considerable portion of their time to lyrical composition, and furnished the public with a number of their productions; but as this might possibly give offence to some, and be considered invidious, he has conceived it proper to avoid the subject. A comparative view of their respective merits and defects, might throw additional light on the essential requisites of song writing, and tend to illustrate the cursory remarks thrown out in the present short essay. It may, however, be safely asserted, that the principal defects in most of our modern lyrical compositions, are a want of passion, particularly tenderness, and a want of simplicity. This must proceed either from a deficiency of natural sensibility and taste in the writers, or from a want of due attention to the nature of the music for which they have composed words.—The uncommon excellence of our passionate Scottish airs furnishes such excitements to the various

emotions of the human heart, that no other cause can be assigned for a deficiency of corresponding passion in the words that accompany them. Exclusively of this, our lyrical poets in the Scottish dialect have nothing to plead in their behalf from any defect in the language in which they write, since none can supply a greater number or variety of appropriate terms and epithets of endearment to express the language of love, not only with the utmost tenderness, but with the greatest delicacy. It may likewise be observed (now that we are on the subject), that it is also highly favourable to the humourous. It abounds in phrases, epithets, and proverbial sayings, peculiarly calculated to excite risibility; and, in addition to this advantage, our Scots songs of humour admit of a free adoption of provincialisms and phraseology, which, in subjects of more dignity, would be offensively vulgar, but which, in the present instance, give an additional zest and poignancy to ludicrous composition. In this last walk, a late admired wri-

ter† excels all his cotemporaries, and stands unrivalled; but, in support of our preceding opinions, let it be remembered, that this poet *possessed* true native humour, and was at all times alive to its influence.

These observations, the author, with the utmost candour, gives to the public, merely with the view to improve a species of writing highly interesting and grateful to national taste and feeling. After what has already been premised, it is almost unnecessary for him to remark, that they have no reference whatever to the trifles that immediately follow, nor indeed to any thing in these volumes.

† Burns.

DECEMBER, 1805.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Stothard del. Fittler sculp.

I've been by burn and flowery brae,
O'Meadow green and Mountain grey,
Courting o'this Young thing just come frae her mammy.

Published as the Act directs by Longman & Rees 1 Jan. 1805

THE LAMMIE.

AIR—*Name unknown.*

'WHAR hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?
Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?'
'I've been by burn and flowery brae,
Meadow green, and mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing,
Just come frae her mammy.'

'And whar gat ye that young thing,
My boy Tammy?'
'I gat her down in yonder how,
Smiling on a broomy know,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe
For her poor mammy.'

'What said ye to the bonie bairn,
My boy Tammy?'
'I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;—
I pree'd it aft as ye may true!—
She said, she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,
My young, my smiling lammie!
'I hae a house, it cost me dear,
I've walth o' plenishen and geer;
Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammy.'

The smile gade aff her bonie face—
'I maun nae leave my mammy;
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise,
She's been my comfort a' my days:—
My father's death brought mony waes!—
I canna leave my mammy.'

'We'll tak her hame and mak her fain,
My ain kind-hearted lammie!
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
We'll be her comfort a' her days.'
The wee thing gie's her hand, and says,—
'There! gang, and ask my mammy.'

'Has she been to kirk wi' thee,
My boy Tammy?'
'She has been to kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee,—
But O! she's but a young thing
Just come frae her mammy.'

I LOO'D NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

AIR—*My lodging is on the cold ground.*

I LOO'd ne'er a laddie but ane,
He loo'd ne'er a lassie but me;
He's willing to mak me his ain,
And his ain I am willing to be.
He has coft me a rocklay o' blue,
And a pair o' mittens o' green;
The price was a kiss o' my mou',
And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land, and their lordly degree;
I carena for ought but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordlie to me;
His words are sae sugared, sae sweet!
His sense drives ilk fear far awa!
I listen—poor fool! and I greet,
Yet O! sweet are the tears as they fa'!

'Dear lassie,' he cries wi' a jeer,
'Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear,
What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;

Now we, tho' we've naithing but health,
Are canty and leil evermair.

'O Marion! the heart that is true
Has something mair costly than gear,
Ilk e'en it has naithing to rue;
Ilk morn it has naithing to fear.
Ye warldlings! gae, hoard up your store,
And tremble for fear ought ye tyne:
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
While here in my arms I lock mine!'

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—
Waes me! can I tak it amiss?
My laddie's unpractised in guile,
He's free ay to daut and to kiss!

Ye lassies, wha loo to torment
Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my consent,
And this night I am Jamie's for life.

O TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO.

AIR—*Bonny Dundee.*

OH! tell me, bonie young lassie!
Oh tell me how for to woo!
Oh tell me, bonie sweet lassie!
Oh tell me how for to woo!
Say, maun I roose your cheeks like the morning?
Lips like the roses fresh moistened wi' dew!
Say, maun I roose your een's pawkie scorning?—
Oh! tell me how for to woo!

Far hae I wandered to see the dear lassie!
Far hae I ventured across the saut sea!
Far hae I travelled owre moorland and mountain,
Houseless, and weary, sleep'd cauld on the lea!
Ne'er hae I tried yet to mak luve to onie;
For ne'er loo'd I onie till ance I loo'd you;
Now we're alane in the green-wood sae bonie,
—Oh! tell me how for to woo!'

'What care I for your wand'ring, young laddie?
What care I for your crossing the sea?
It was na for naithing ye left poor young Peggy;—
It was for my tocher ye cam to court me;—
Say, hae ye gowd to busk me aye gawdie?
Ribbans, and perlins, and breast-knots enew?
A house that is canty, wi' walth in't, my laddie?
Without this ye never need try for to woo.'

'I hae na gowd to busk ye aye gawdie;
I canna buy ribbans and perlins enew;
I've naithing to brag o' house, or o' plenty!
I've little to gie but a heart that is true.—
I cam na for tocher—I ne'er heard o' onie;
I never loo'd Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow.—
I've wandered, poor fool!-for a face fause as bonie!
—I little thought this was the way for to woo!'

'Our laird has fine *houses*, and *guineas* in gowpins;
He's youthfu', he's blooming, and comely to see!
The leddies are a' ga'en wood for the wooer,
And yet, ilka e'ening, he leaves them for me!—
O! saft in the gloaming his luve he discloses!
And saftly yestreen, as I milked my cow,
He swore that my breath it was sweeter than roses,
And a' the gait hame he did naithing but woo'.

'Ah, Jenny! the young laird may brag o' his siller,
His houses, his lands, and his lordly degree;
His speeches for *true luve* may drap sweet as honey,
But, trust me, dear Jenny! he ne'er loed like *me*.—
The wooing o' gentry are fine words o' fashion;
The faster they fa' as the heart is least true!—
The dumb look o' luve's aft the best proof o' passion;
—The heart that feels maist is the least fit to woo!'

'Hae na ye roosed my cheeks like the morning!
Hae na ye roosed my cherry-red mou!
Hae na ye come owre sea, moor, and mountain,
What mair, Johnie, need ye to woo?
Far hae ye wandered, I ken, my dear laddie!
Now, that ye've found me, there's nae cause to rue;
Wi' health we'll hae plenty—I'll never gang gawdie,—
I ne'er wished for mair than a heart that is true.'

She hid her fair face in her true lover's bosom;
The saft tear o' transport filled ilk lover's ee;
The burnie ran sweet by their side as they sabbit,
And sweet sang the mavis aboon on the tree.—
He clasped her, he pressed her, and ca'd her his hinny,
And aften he tasted her hinny-sweet mou;
And aye 'tween ilk kiss she sighed to her Johnie—
'Oh! laddie! *weel* can ye woo!'

TAK TENT, AND BE WARY.

'HECH! lass, but ye're canty and vogie!
Wow! but your een look pauky and roguie!
What war ye doing, Kate, down in yon bogie,
Up in the morning sae airy and grey?'
'I've been wi' *somebody!*—what need ye to speer?
I've been wi' young Jamie!—I've been wi' my dear!
—God save me! my mither will miss me, I fear!—
D'ye ken, lass! he's courting me a' the lang day!'

'O Kate, tak tent, and be wary!
Jamie's a sad ane!—he never will marry;
Think o' poor Tibby;—he's left her to carry
Black burning shame till the day that she'll die!'

'I carena for Tibby—a glaiket young quean!
Her gaits wi' the fallows we a' ken lang syne!—
The heart o' my laddie, I *never* can tyne!
He promised to marry me down on yon lea!

'O no! I need na be wary!—
Yes! yes! he means for to marry!
Wi' mony sweet kisses he ca'd me his deary,
And swore he wad tak me afore Beltan day.'
'O Kate! Kate! he'll deceive ye!
(The de'el tak the chiel! he does naithing but grieve me!)
He's fou o' deceit!—gin ye like to believe me,
The fause loon last night tald the same tale to me.'

'Dear Jean! but ye're unco camstary!
Ye'll ne'er let a bodie trou ever they'll marry!—
Ye've now gi'en me something that's no light to carry,
'Twill lie at my heart till the day that I die!'
She gaed awa sighing! she gaed awa wae;
Her mither flet sair for her byding away!
She sat down to spin!—ne'er a word could she say,
But drew out a thread wi' the tear in her ee.

'O yes!—it's time to be wary!
Jamie's a sad ane!—he ne'er means to marry!
He may rise in the morning, and wait till he's wearie!
He's no see my face for this year and a day!'

She raise wi' the lavroc ; she milked her cow ;
Sat down by her leglin, and 'gan for to rue :—
Young *Jamie* cam by—her heart lap to her mou !
And she trou'd ilka word that the fause loon did say !
—Hech ! sirs ! how lasses will vary !
Sometimes they're doubtfu'—'tis then they are *wary ;*
But whan luve comes louping, they ay think we'll marry,
And trust, like poor Kate, to what fause loons will say.

MALLY AIKEN.

AN OLD SONG REVIVED.

AIR—*Gaelic.*

'O LISTEN! listen, and I'll tell ye*
How this fair maid's played her part:—
First she vowed and promised to me,
Now she strives to break my heart!'
Eirin O! Mally Aiken,
Eirin O s'dhu ma roon.

* This verse is all the author ever heard of the original.—The meaning of the Gaelic chorus is, O Mally Aiken, thou art my love.

I coft you silken garters, Mally,
And sleeve-knots for your tartan gown;
I coft you a green necklace, Mally,
To busk you whan you gade to town:
You gae me kisses sweet as hinny!
You gae me words mair sweet than true;
You swore you loo'd me best o' ony;
—Ah! why than, Mally, break your vow!
Eirin O! Mally Aiken,
Eirin O s'dhu ma roon.

Yon auld man came wi' wyles sae bonie,
He bragged o' land and walth o' gear;
He promised braws mair fine than Johnie
To busk ye for the kirk and fair;

He gae up tocher to your daddy;—
Your mother sighed and thought o' me;
But Mally wished to be a *lady*,
And changed true luve for—high degree!
Eirin O! Mally Aiken,
Eirin O s'dhu ma roon.

He's ta'en you hame; he's made you gawdie,
He's busked you for the kirk and fair;
But you had better ta'en your laddie,
For *happiness* you'll ne'er see mair!
You may gang to kirk and fair, my Mally;
Your face and braws catch ilka ee,—
But happiness you'll *ne'er* see, Mally,
For breaking o' your vows to me!
Eirin O! Mally Aiken,
Eirin O s'dhu ma roon.

TO GET A MAN.

THIS warld is a lottery, as ilk ane may ken;
There are prizes for women as weel as for men:
But as far as my faither and mither can see,
Though the're prizes for some, there are aye blanks for me!

Though black, I am comely; my een's like a slae!
Odd! I'm sure they're far better than een that are grey?
Yet the lads they court Katey as fast as they can,
While my father aye tells me—*I'll ne'er get a man.*

I'm held down wi' wark frae morning till e'en,
My claise ay unsnod, and my face seldom clean!
How the sorrow! on me can our lads ever look,
Whan I gang aye sae thief-like, as black as the crook!

For fairs and for preachings I hae but ae gown!
(Lord! I wish I was busked like our queans in the town!)
Yet whane'er I stay late—how my father he'll ban,
Wi' a—' Divil confound ye! ye'll ne'er get a man!'

My mither ay thinks I'm to sit still and spin:
Whan the sogers gae by, war I felled, I maun rin;
Then she roars, and she flytes (though the sam's done by Kate)
Wi' a—' Sorrow be on ye! ye'll gang a grey gate!'

I fain wad hae Jamie—but then he loos Jean;
And I'd e'en tak lean Patie, tho' just skin and bane;
But my faither and mither tauld baith him and Dan,
That I'm *three* years owre young yet to hae a gude-man!

A usage sae barb'rous! nae mortal can bear!
—Odd! they'll drive me to madness wi' perfect de-spair!
If I canna get Jamie, nor yet Dan nor Pate,
Faith! I'll e'en tak the first chiel that comes in my gate.

Gle'yd Sawnie, the haivrel, he met me yestreen,
He roosed first my black hair, and syne my black een!
While he dawted and kissed, though I ken he's a fool,
Lord! I thought that my heart wad hae loupt out o' hool

Quo he, ' Bonny Maggy, gin ye war mine ain,
I hae house and plenty, for wife and for wean,
And whan my auld daddy staps aff to the grave,
Faith! we'll then had our head up as high as the lave.'

I dinna like Sawnie—he's blind o' an ee;
But then he's the first's talked o' *marriage* to me;
And whan folk are ill used they maun do what they
can,
Sae I'll mak them a' liars, and tak a GUDEMAN.

LASSIE WI' THE GOWDEN HAIR.

AIR—*Gaelic.*

'LASSIE wi' the gowden hair,
Silken snood, and face sae fair;
Lassie wi' the yellow hair,
Think nae to deceive me!
Lassie wi' the gowden hair,
Flattering smile, and face sae fair;
Fare ye weel! for never mair
Johnie will believe ye!
O no! Mary bawn, Mary bawn, Mary bawn *,
O no! Mary bawn, ye'll nae mair deceive me!

* Bawn (Gaelic), fair, white, generally applied to the hair.

Smiling, twice ye made me troo,
Twice—(poor fool!) I turned to woo;
Twice, fause maid! ye brak your vow,
Now I've sworn to leave ye!
Twice, fause maid! ye brak your vow,
Twice, poor fool! I've learned to rue!—
Come ye yet to mak me troo?
Thrice ye'll ne'er deceive me!
No! no! Mary bawn, Mary bawn, Mary bawn!
O no! Mary bawn! *thrice* ye'll ne'er deceive me.'

Mary saw him turn to part;
Deep his words sank in her heart;
Soon the tears began to start—
'Johnie, will ye leave me!'

Soon the tears began to start,
Grit and gritter grew his heart!—
'Yet ae word befort we part,
Luve cou'd ne'er deceive ye!
O no! Johnie dow, Johnie dow, Johnie dow†,
O no! Johnie dow—luve cou'd *ne'er* deceive ye.'

Johnie took a parting keek,
Saw the tears hap owre her cheek!
Pale she stood, but coudna speak!—
Mary's cured o' smiling.
Johnie took anither keek—
'Beauty's rose has left her cheek!—

† Dow (Gaelic), black, generally applied to the hair.

Pale she stands, and canna speak.

This is nae *beguiling*.

O no! Mary bawn, Mary bawn, dear Mary bawn,

No, no! Mary bawn—LUVE has nae beguiling.

JEANIE'S BLACK EE;

OR,

THA MI 'N AM CHODAL, 'SNA DUISGIBH MI.

AIR—*Cauld frosty morning.*

THE sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills adorning!
Light sprang the lavroc and mounted sae hie;
When true to the tryst o' blythe May's dewy morning
My Jeanie cam linking out owre the green lea.
To mark her impatience, I crap 'mang the brakens,
Aft, aft to the kent gate she turned her black ee;
Then lying down dowylie, sighed by the willow tree,
'Ha me mohátel na dousku' me†.

† I am asleep, do not waken me. The Gaelic chorus is pronounced according to the present orthography.

Saft through the green birks I sta' to my jewel,
Streik'd on spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree!
'Think na, dear lassie, thy Willie's been cruel,'—
'Ha me mohátel na dousku me.'
'Wi' luve's warm sensations I've marked your impatience,
Lang hid 'mang the brakens I watched your black ee.—
You're no sleeping, pawkie Jean! open thae lovely een!'—
'Ha me mohátel na dousku me.'

'Bright is the whin's bloom ilk green know adorning!
Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi' dew!
Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning!
Dark wave her haffet locks owre her white brow!

O! light! light she's dancing keen on the smooth
gowany green,
Barefit, and kilted half up to the knee!
While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport my fill,'—
'I was asleep, and ye've wakened me!'

'I'll rin and whirl her round; Jeanie is sleeping sound;
Kiss her, and clasp her fast; nae ane can see!
Sweet! sweet's her hinny mou!'—'Will, I'm no sleeping now,
I was asleep, but ye wakened me.'
Laughing, till like to drap, swith to my Jean I lap,
Kissed her ripe roses, and blest her black ee!
And ay since, whane'er we meet, sing, for the sound is sweet,
'Ha me mohátel na dousku me.'

THE

PLAID AMANG THE HETHER.

AIR—*Old Highland Laddie.*

THE wind blew hie owre muir and lea,
And dark and stormy grew the weather;
The rain rained sair; nae shelter near,
But my luve's plaid amang the hether:
O my bonie Highland lad!
My winsome, weel-far'd, Highland laddie!
Wha wad mind the wind and weit
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie?

Close to his breast he held me fast;
Sae cozy, warm, we lay thegither!
Nae simmer heat was half sae sweet
As my luve's plaid amang the hether!
O my bonie, &c.

Mid wind and rain he tald his tale;
My lightsome heart grew like a feather;
It lap sae quick I coudna speak,
But silent sighed amang the hether!
O my bonie, &c.

The storm blew past; we kissed in haste;
I hameward ran, and tald my mither;

She gloomed at first, but soon confessed
The bowls rowed right amang the hether!
O my bonie, &c.

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and stream
Whar Will and I fresh flowers will gather;
Nae storms I fear, I've got my dear
Kind-hearted lad amang the hether!
O my bonie Highland lad!
My winsome, weel-far'd, Highland laddie!
Should storms appear, my Will's ay near
To row me in his tartan plaidie.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY;

OR,

MODERN MARRIAGE DELINEATED.

AIR—*Johnie Macgill.*

'COME under my plaidy, the night's gau'n to fa';
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw;
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:
O! come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.

'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa,
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift nor the snaw;
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no sit beside ye;
Ye may be my gutcher:—auld Donald, gae wa'.
I'm gau'n to meet Johnie, he's young and he's bonie;
He's been at Meg's bridal, sae trig and sae braw!
O nane dances sae lightly! sae gracefu'! sae tightly!
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw!'

'Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa',
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naithing ava;
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back,
He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
Be frank now and kindly; I'll busk you aye finely;
To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;
A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca.'

'My father's ay tauld me, my mither and a',
Ye'd make a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;
It's true I loo Johnie, he's gude and he's bonie,
But, waes me! ye ken he has naething ava!
I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
Sae gi' me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.'

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',
Whar Johnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';
The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
He wandered hame weary, the night it was dreary!
And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw;
The howlet was screamin', while Johnie cried 'Women
Wa'd marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them ay braw.'

O the deel's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;
The hale o' their marriage is *gowd* and *a carriage;*
Plain luve is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!

VALOUR SHIELDS THE BRAVE.*

AIR—*An old Gaelic tune.*

I.

J. HARK!—hark! the sound of battle!
Warning thrice, the cannons rattle!—
Fast o'er plain and mountain brattle
Scotia's thousands brave!

A. Never!—*never* mair to tell.
When freedom fought!—where valour fell!
Nor return! till death's sad knell
Toll warriors to the grave!

† Written during the prospect of an immediate invasion. The song represents the parting between a husband and wife on the first signal of the enemy's approach.

J. Awa wi' fear!—stop that tear!
Freedom's cause to freemen's dear!
Valour, Annie!—valour! valour!
True valour shields the brave!

II.

A. What shields the *helpless*? Johnnie,
Wha guards a wife like Annie?
Trembling here, wi' infants bonnie!
Sever'd frae the brave!
Wha smiles to banish fear?
Wha remains to stop the tear?
J. Faithful love, and heaven's kind care,
My Annie's peace will save!

Then banish dread!—tear ne'er shed!
GALLIA's chains for slaves are made!—
Britons, Annie!—Britons! Britons!
Free Britons scorn the slave!

III.

A. Gang—*gang!* then, dearest Johnnie!
Slavery's ill's the warst o' ony!—
Heaven and virtue guard your Annie!—
God direct the brave!—
This warm kiss before you start!
Place this token near your heart!—
Friendship now and peace maun part,
Dear freedom's cause to save!

J. Then banish dread!—tear ne'er shed!
If freedom fa's, love's joys drap dead!
Freedom, Annie! Freedom! freedom!
Blest freedom! or—the *Grave!*

IV.

Wi' trembling hand, and heart sair knockin,
Round his neck she tied love's token;
Sighed, and cried, in words half spoken,
Heaven shield the brave!
The trumpet blew! the warrior flew;
Met Scotia's freemen, dauntless, true!
Firm their step! ranks RED and BLUE,
Cried, *Victory*, or the Grave!

Then, Tyrant, dread! to conquest led
Bands in freedom's armour clad!—
FREEDOM! Tyrant!—Freedom! Freedom!
Blest Freedom! shield the brave!

THE

AULD WIFE'S LAMENT—1804.*

AIR—*A rock, and a wee pickle tow.*

THIS warld o' ours has been lang in a low!—
I wonder wha bred the beginning o't?
God send us a rock, and a wee pickle tow!
And let us again to the spinning o't!
Our spinning, God help us! is no ganging right;
Our men they're for *fighting;* our women tak fright;
We're vap'ring a' day; and we're blind-fou at night:
—But wha yet has heard o' the winning o't?

They crack o' our *trade;* and they crack o' our *walth;*
They brag o' our mills that are spinning o't;
But, spite o' our boasting, and spite o' our pelf,
Good faith! I hear few that are winning o't.
Our wabsters are breaking, our looms they stand still!
Our lads are doing little but *tending the drill!*—
I doubt if e'en lairds now their pouches can fill—
—Oh, hon! for the wearie beginning o't!

They're plenty, nae doubt, wha can had their head heigh,
And ay wad be thought to be winning o't;
We're a' ganging fine; but we ay keep abeigh,
When folk wad keek in at the spinning o't.
Our houses are glittering; our lasses gang bra'!
Our tables are costly—our *pride's* warst o' a'!
But gin we gae on, we shall soon get a fa'!
And then we'll hear nought but the tyning o't!

Oh—oh! for the time when we sat at our wheel,
And ilka ane sang to the spinning o't!
A canty fire-side, and a cap o' good ale,
Gaed ay sweetly down wi' the winning o't!—
We're strutting!—we're blawing! morn, e'ening, and noon;
We're wishing to see our French friends unco soon!
But gif BONAPARTE gangs on as he's done,
We'll neither see end nor beginning o't!

Yet think na, my lads, ye are yet to lye by!—
Its ay right to try a beginning o't;
Whan folk are sair put, they maun e'en 'ride and tie;'
Its better than gi' up the spinning o't:
Then up wi' your muskets, and up wi' your might!
And up wi' your signals and fires on ilk height!
If ance we get *steddy*, we yet may get right,
And, ablins, ere lang prie the winning o't!

THERE'S NOUGHT I SEE, TO FEAR NOW*.

AIR—*The king sits in Dumfermlin town.*

OUR good king sits in Windsor tower,
The sun-beams glint sae cheerfu'!
A birdie sang in yonder bower,
And O! but it sang fearfu'!
Tell me, my bird, my mourning bird,
What is't you sing so drearie?
I sing o' danger, fire, and sword,
Fell *faes* are coming near ye!

The king stept on his terraced height,
His heart was bauld and cheerie;
"I fear no foe, by day or night,
While Britain's sons are near me!"
The bird ay sang upon the thorn,
And ay its sang was fearfu';
Good king! your ships maun sail the morn,
For England's faes are near you.

The king looked frae his castle hie!
His look was blythe and airy!
"There's not a foe dares face the sea!
Brave England's *tars* are there ay."
The birdie sang ay on the thorn,
But now its sang grew cheerfu',
Good king! we'll laugh your faes to scorn;
There's nought I see to fear now!

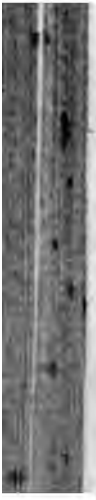
The birdie flew on blythesome wing,
And O! but it sang rarely;
And ay it sang, "*God bless our King!*
Bauld Britons luve him dearly."
It flew o'er hill, it flew o'er lea,
It sang o'er moor and hether,
Till it came to the *north countrie*,
Whar a' sang blythe thegither.

They sang o' fame and martial might,
(The pride o' Scottish story)
The sang o' EDWARD's wars and flight,
And BRUCE's radiant glory!
They laughed at *Gallia's* threat'ning ills—
(Their shield was Patriot-honour;)
They rushed down *Freedom's* heath-flowered hills,
And, rattling, joined her banner!

THE

SCOTTISH MUSE.

JAMAICA, 1798.



ADVERTISEMENT.

UNDER the influence of a distressing state of health, which had continued unabated for six years, the following poem was composed in the island of Jamaica, whither the author went with the view of trying the effects of a tropical climate. If it possesses no other merit, it may at least lay claim to a faithful representation of events during a life of vicissitude, of which the present piece may be considered as a poetical epitome.

THE

SCOTTISH MUSE.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these more brisk and giddy-paced times.—

SHAKESPEARE.

O WELCOME, simply soothing treasure!
In midst o' pain my lanely pleasure!
Tutored by thee, and whispering leisure,
I quit the thrang,
And, wrapt in blessed retirement, measure
Thy varied sang!

Kind, leil companion ! without thee,
Ah, welladay ! what should I be† !
Whan jeered by fools wha canna see
My inward pain,
Aneath thy sheltering wing I flee,
And mak my mane.

There seated, smiling by my side,
For hours thegither wilt thou bide,
Chanting auld tales o' martial pride,
And luve's sweet smart !
Till glowing warm thy numbers glide
Streight to the heart.

† The author's complaints were such, that, unable either to read or to write above a few minutes without distress, his only amusement was to compose by the help of *memory* alone. It may, perhaps, be worth mentioning, that Will and Jean,

'Tis then, wi' powerfu' plastic hand
Thou wavest thy magic-working wand;
And stirring up ideas grand
That fire the brain,
Aff whirlst me swift to fairy land
'Mang Fancy's train.—

Scar'd by disease whan balmy rest
Flees trembling frae her downy nest;
Starting frae horror's dreams opprest,
I see thee come
Wi' radiance mild that cheers the breast,
And lights the gloom!

the Waes o' War, the Links o' Forth, and the present poem, were all composed by memory, previously to the commitment of a single line to paper.

Heart'ning thou com'st, wi' modest grace,
Hope, luve, and pity, in thy face,
And gliding up wi' silent pace
My plaints to hear,
Whisper'st in turn thae soothing lays
Saft in my ear.

'Ill-fated wand'rer! doomed to mane!
Wan suff'rer! bleached wi' care and pain!
How changed, alas! since vogie vain,
Wi' spirits light,
Ye hailed me first in untaught strain
On STREVLIN's height!

'—Ah me! how stark! how blithe! how bauld
Ye brattled then through wind and cauld!
Reckless, by stream, by firth and fauld
Ye held your way;
By passion ruled; by love enthralled,
Ye poured the lay.

'Twas then, entranced in am'rous sang,
I marked you midst the rural thrang;
Ardent and keen, the hail day lang
Wi' NATURE ta'en,
Slip frae the crowd, and mix amang
Her simple train.

'"Twas then I saw (alas! owre clear!)
Your future thriftless, lost career!
And while some blamed, wi' boding fear,
The tunefu' art,
Your moral pride and truth sincere
Aye wan my heart.

'He ne'er can lout, I musing said,
To ply the fleeching, fawning trade;
Nor bend the knee, nor bow the head
To *walth* or *power!*
But backward turn, wi' scornfu' speed,
Frae flatt'ry's door.

'He'll never learn his bark to steer
'Mid *passion's* sudden, wild career;
Nor try at times to tack or veer
To *int'rest's* gale,
But hoist the sheet, unawed by fear,
Tho' storms prevail.

'Owre proud to ask;—owre bauld to yield!
Whar will he find a shelt'ring beild?
Whan poortith's blast drifts cross the field
Wi' wintry cauld,
Whar will he wone—poor feckless chield!
Whan frail and auld!

'Year after year, in youtheid's prime,
Wander he will frae clime to clime,
Sanguine wi' hope on wing sublime
Mount heigh in air!
But than—waes me! there comes a time
O' dool and care!

'There comes a time!—or soon, or late,
O' serious thought and sad debate;
Whan blighted hope and adverse fate
Owrespread their gloom,
And mirk despair, in waefu' state,
Foresees the doom!

'—And maun he fa'! (I sighing cried)
Wi' guardian honour by his side!
Shall fortune frown on guiltless pride,
And straits owrtake him!
—Weel! blame wha like—whate'er betide
I'se ne'er forsake him!

'Ardent I spake! and frae the day
Ye hailed me smiling; youthfu' gay
On *Aichil's* whin-flowered fragrant brae
I strave to cheer ye!
Frae morn's first dawn to e'en's last ray
I ay was near ye.

'Frae west to east†—frae isle to isle,
To India's shore and sultry soil;
'Mid tumult, battle, care, and toil,
I following flew;
Ay smoothed the past, and wak'd the smile
To prospects new.

'Whan warfare ceased its wild uproar,
To Elephanta's‡ far-famed shore
I led ye, ardent to explore,
Wi' panting heart,
Her idol monuments o' yore,
And sculptured art.

† West and East Indies.

‡ See the author's account of the caves of *Elephanta, Canary,* and *Ambola,* published in the eighth volume of the Archæologia.

'Sweet flew the hours! (the toil your boast)
On smiling Salsett's cave-wrought coast:—
Though hope was tint—tho' a' was crossed †,
Nae dread alarms
Ye felt—fond fool!—in wonder lost
And nature's charms!

'Frae east to west, frae main to main,
To Carib's shores returned again;
In sickness, trial, hardship, pain,
Ye ken yoursell,
Drapt frae the muse's melting strain
Peace balmy fell.

† An unexpected change in administration at home, blasted all the author's fair prospects in India.

'Fell sweet! for, as she warbling flew,
Hope lent her heaven-refreshing dew;
Fair virtue close, and closer drew
To join the lay;
While conscience bright, and brighter grew,
And cheered the way!—

'Whether to east or westward borne,
(Or flushed wi' joy, or wae-forlorn)
Ye hailed the fragrant breath o' morn
Frae orange flower,
Or cassia bud, or logwood thorn,
Or Guava bower:

'Or frae the mist-cap'd mountain blue
Inhaled the spicy gales that flew,
Rich frae Pimento's[1] groves that grew
In deep'ning green,
Crowned wi' their flowers o' milk-white hue
In dazzling sheen!

'Whether at midnoon† panting laid,
Ye woo'd coy zephyr's transient aid
Under the Banyan's pillared shade[2],
On plain or hill,
Or plantain green, that rustling played
Across the rill:

† ——— Seems another morn
Risen on midnoon.——MILTON.

'Or 'neath the tam'rind's shelt'ring gloom,
Drank coolness wafted in perfume,
Fresh frae the shaddack's golden bloom,
As flutt'ring gay
Hummed saft the bird o' peerless plume[3],
Frae spray to spray!

'—Whether at eve, wi' raptured breast,
The shelving palm-girt beach ye prest,
And ee'd, entranced, the purpling west
Bepictured o'er[4],
As ocean murm'ring gently kissed
The whitening shore:

'Whether at twilight's parting day
Ye held your solemn musing way,
Whar through the gloom in myriad ray
The fire-flies gleam[5];
And 'thwart the grove, in harmless play,
The light'nings stream!

'Or, by the moon's bright radiance led,
Roamed late the Guinea-verdured glade†,
Where towered the giant Ceiba's shade[5];
And, loftier still,
The Cabbage‡ rears its regal head
Owre palm-crowned hill.

† Guinea grass pasture. See Edwards' Hist. 8vo, vol. I. p. 186.

‡ The palmeto royal, or mountain cabbage, from 150 to 200 feet in height; a tree, says Mr Edwards, which, without doubt, is among the most graceful of all the vegetable creation.

'Still following close, still whisp'ring near,
The muse aye caught your list'ning ear;
'Mid tempest's rage and thunder's rair
Aye cheering sang:—
Touched by her hand (unchilled by fear)
The Harp-strings rang†.

'Returned at last frae varied clime,
Whar youth and hope lang tint their time,
Ance mair to Strevlin's height sublime
We winged our way;
Ance mair attuned the rural rhime
On Aichil brae.

† The second part of 'The Harp' was composed during the author's first passage home from Jamaica.

'Twas then my native strains ye leared †,
For passion spake while fancy cheered;
A while wi' flaunting airs ye flared
And thought to shine;
But Nature—judging nature sneered,
And ca'd it—*fine!*

Stung wi' the taunt, ye back recoiled,
Pensive ye mused; I marked, and smiled;
Daund'ring depressed 'mang knows flowered wild,
My aten reed
Ye faund ae bonny morning mild
'Tween Ayr and Tweed.

† The author's first attempts in Scottish poetry were the composing of words to some of our most simple pastoral and Gaelic airs.

'Tween past'ral Tweed and wand'ring Ayr,
Whar unbusked nature blooms sae fair!
And mony a wild note saft and clear
Sings sweet by turns,
Tuned by my winsome ALLAN'S† ear
And fav'rite BURNS.

'Trembling wi' joy ye touched the reed,—
Doubtfu' ye sighed, and hang your head;
Fearfu' ye sang till some agreed
The notes war true;
Whan grown mair bauld, ye gae a screed
That pleased nae few‡.

† Allan Ramsay.

‡ Alluding to the uncommon sale of '*Will and Jean*,' which, in less than seven weeks after publication, went through five editions of 1500 copies each. Fourteen editions were thrown off before the expiration of a twelvemonth.

'By Forth's green links bedecked wi' flowers†,
By Clyde's clear stream and beechen bowers‡;
Heartsome and healthfu' flew the hours
In simple sang,
While Lossit's‖ braes and Eden's‖ towers
The notes prolang!

'—Thae times are gane!—ah! welladay!
For health has flown wi' spirits gay;
Youth, too, has fled! and cauld decay
Comes creeping on:
October's sun cheers na like May
That brightly shone!

† Stirling.
‡ Glasgow.
‖ *Lossit*, in Cantyre, Argyleshire, where some of the songs, from their resemblance to the Gaelic, were particularly relished. They were afterwards set to music, and published in Edinburgh.

'Yet autumn's gloom, though threat'ning bleak,
Has joys, gin folk calm joys wad seek;
Friendship and Worth then social cleek
And twine thegither,
And gree and crack by ingle cheek
Just like twin-brither.

'Tis then (youth's vain vagaries past,
That please a while, but fash at last)
Serious, our ee we backward cast
On bygane frays,
And, marvelling, mourn the thriftless waste
O' former days!

'Then, too, wi' prudence on our side,
And moral reas'ning for our guide,
Calmly we view the restless tide
O' warldly care,
And cull, wi' academic pride,
The flow'rs o' lare.

'And while, wi' sure and steady pace,
Coy science' secret paths we trace,
And catch fair Nature's beauteous face
In varied view,
Ardent, though auld, we join the chace,
And pleased pursue.—

'Tis sae through life's short circling year,
The seasons change, and, changing, cheer;
Journeying we jog, unawed by fear:
Hope plays her part!
Forward we look, though in the rear
Death shakes the dart.

Catch then the dream! nor count it vain;
Hope's dream's the sweetest balm o' pain:
Heaven's unseen joys may yet remain,
And yet draw near ye:
Meanwhile, ye see, I hear your mane,
And flee to cheer ye.

Ane too's at hand, to wham ye fled
Frae Britain's cauld, frae misery's bed;
Owre seas tempestuous shivering sped
To Friendship's flame;
Whar kindling warm, in sun-beams clad,
She hails her GRAHAM †.

Wi' him (let health but favouring smile)
Ance mair ye'll greet fair Albion's isle!
In some calm nook life's cares beguile
Atween us twa:
Feed the faint lamp wi' friendship's oil—
Then—slip awa!

† John Graham, Esq. of Three-mile-river, Jamaica; under whose kind and hospitable roof the present poem was composed.

The flatterer ceased, and smiled adieu,
Just waved her hand, and mild withdrew!
Cheered wi' the picture (fause or true)
I checked despair,
And frae that moment made a vow
To—mourn nae mair.

† Yet griefs will come and wring the heart!
The sigh will burst;—the tear will start;
Friendship-woven ties will snap and part,
Nae mair to twine!
And death, relentless, flings the dart,
And severs mine!

† These additional verses were written immediately after the death of the memorable person here mentioned.

Year after year hope's phantoms fly;
Year after year life's pleasures die;
To-day we smile; to-morrow sigh;—
In vain we moan!
Yet still I mourn, and, moaning, cry,
"My CURRIE's gone!"

He's gone!—but yet, tho' lost, the blaze
That waked sae late admiring praise,
Its parting beam's reflected rays
In colours rise,
Bright as warm summer's sun displays
In evening' skies!

And *these* will last, and saft diffuse
Their charms to sooth the SCOTTISH MUSE;
And while she sheds affection's dews
At Friendship's shrine,
A heaven-shot gleam in bright'ning hues
Through clouds will shine.

NOTES.

Note [1], p. 159, l. 3.

'Rich frae Pimento's groves that grew.'

'The pimento trees grow spontaneously, and in great abundance, in many parts of Jamaica, but more particularly on hilly situations near the sea, on the northern side of the island, where they form the most delicious groves that can possibly be imagined, filling the air with fragrance, and giving reality, though in a very distant part of the globe, to our great poet's descriptions of those balmy gales, which convey to the delighted voyager

"Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blessed.
Cheered with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles."

I do not believe that there is, in all the vegetable creation, a tree of greater beauty than a young pi-

mento. The trunk, which is of a grey colour, smooth and shining, and altogether free of bark, rises to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. It then branches out on all sides, richly clothed with leaves of a deep green, somewhat like those of the bay tree; and these, in the months of July and August, are beautifully contrasted and relieved by an exuberance of white flowers. It is remarkable, that the leaves are equally fragrant with the fruit; and, I am told, yield, in distillation, a delicate odoriferous oil, which is very commonly used in the medical dispensaries of Europe for oil of cloves.'—*Edwards's Hist. of the West Indies*, 8vo, vol. ii. p. 297.

NOTE [2], p. 159, l. 9.

'Under the banyan's pillared shade.'

'This monarch of the woods,' says Mr Edwards, in his elegant History, 'whose empire extends over Asia and Africa, as well as the tropical parts of America, is described by our divine poet with great exactness.

"The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renowned,
But such as at this day to Indians known

In Malabar and Decan, spreads his arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bearded twigs take root, and daughters grow
Above the mother tree; a pillared shade
High over-arched, and echoing walks between."
Paradise Lost, book ix.

It is called in the East Indies, the 'banyan tree.' Mr Marsden gives the following account of the dimensions of one near Mangee, twenty miles west of Patna, in Bengal:—Diameter, 363 to 375 feet; circumference of the shadow at noon, 1116 feet; circumference of the several stems, in number fifty or sixty, 921.—*Hist. Sumatra*, p. 131.

NOTE [3], p. 160, l. 5.

'Hummed saft the bird o' peerless plume.'

'The humming bird, the most beautiful, as well as the most diminutive of the feathered race, is fond of building its nest in the tamarind, orange, or bastard cedar-trees; on account, I should suppose, of the superabundance of their shade. The nest is made with particular art and beauty. The workmanship, indeed, is no less exquisite than wonder-

ful, and seems to be, in an essential manner, adapted as the residence of this interesting and lovely bird.'—*Beckford's Descriptive Account of the Island of Jamaica.*—For a more particular description, see vol. i. p. 363, 8vo edition of the same work.

NOTE 4, p. 160, l. 10.

'Bepictured o'er.'

The following very animated, though inflated description, of a tropical sky, at sunset, is taken from the same author :—' Of the picturesque representation of the clouds in Jamaica, there is an almost daily and unspeakable variety; and the sunset of that climate has charms to arrest the regard, and fix the attention of every beholder. At this period, when the sun-beams linger on the mountains, and seem reluctantly to withdraw their glories from the plain; when they just begin to die away in the horizon, or glitter by reflection upon the trembling wave; what delightful appearances, or glowing with lustre, or softened by shade, may not be imagined or lamented in the evanescent clouds of that warm and vapoury region! what imaginary islands,

with all the discriminations of hill and dale, of light and gloom, of bays and promontories, of rocks and woods, of rivers and seas, may not be traced in the transcendently beautiful skies of that fervent climate, and treasured up for future embellishments by those who study nature, and who delight to copy her charms, not only in her elevation, but decline!'—Vol. i. p. 80.

NOTE [5], p. 161, l. 4.

'The fire-flies gleam.'

'In the mountainous and interior parts of the larger islands, innumerable fire-flies abound at night, which have a surprising appearance to a stranger. They consist of different species, some of which emit a light, resembling a spark of fire, from a globular prominence near each eye; and others from their sides, in the act of respiration. They are far more luminous than the glow-worm, and fill the air on all sides, like so many living stars, to the great astonishment of a traveller unaccustomed to the country. In the day-time they disappear.—*Edwards's Hist.* vol. i. p. 8.

Note [6], p. 161, l. 9.

'Where towered the giant Ceiba's shade.'

'What European forest has ever given birth to a stem equal to that of the ceiba (or wild cotton tree), which alone, simply rendered concave, has been known to produce a boat capable of containing one hundred persons?'—*Edwards's Hist.* vol. i. p. 15.

A GLOSSARY;

OR,

EXPLANATION OF THE SCOTTISH WORDS AND PHRASEOLOGY USED IN THE FOREGOING POEMS.

A

A, *all.*
Abeigh, *at a shy distance.*
Ablins, *perhaps.*
Ae, ane, *one.*
Aik, *oak.*
Air, or ear, *early, soon.*
Ain, *own.*
Alane, *alone.*
Ance, *once, at a time.*
Amang, *among.*
Atween, *between.*
Awa, *away.*
Aye, or ay, *always.*
Ayont, *beyond.*

B

Backowre, *backwards.*
Bachils, *shoes down in the heel.*
Bairn, bairns, *child, children.*
Ban, *to curse or swear.*
Bang, *suddenly, violently, in haste.*

Barefit, *barefooted.*
Bauld, *bold, passionate.*
Beek, *to bask.*
Bicker, *a wooden drinking dish, with two handles.*
Bield, *shelter.*
Billie, *a young fellow, a brother.*
Bent, *the open field.*
Beltan, *the third of May, or Rood-day.*
Bide, *stay, stop, remain.*
Been, or bein, *wealthy, comfortable...* a been *house, a warm well-furnished one.*
Birks, birken, *birch trees, birchen.*
Blawin, *blowing, puffing.*
Bleezing, *blazing.*
Bletherskait, *a babbling, foolish fellow.*
Blinking, *the alternate opening and shutting of the eyes in a state of inebriation.*
Bonny, bonie, *beautiful, comely, engaging.*
Brae, *the side of a hill, a bank.*
Brattle, *noise, hurry.*
Brattling, *hurrying, running.*
Braw, *fine in apparel, brave, excellent.*
Braws, *finery.*
Brandered, *broiled.*
Brander, *a gridiron.*
Breeks, *breeches.*
Browst, *a brewing.*
Brither, *brother.*
Brue, or broo, *juice, broth, liquid.*

Brunt, *burned.*
Buckled, *joined together in wedlock.*
To buckle, *to engage with.*
Burn, *water, a small stream.*
Burnie, *a rivulet.*
Busk, *to deck, to dress finely.*
Bygane, *bygone, bypast.*

C

Callan, *a boy, a familiar term of kindness.*
Caller, *quite fresh.*
Caldrife, *spiritless, frigid.*
Camstarie, *cross, ill-natured.*
Canna, *cannot.*
Canty, *cheerful, merry.*
Carena, *care not.*
Cauld, *cold.*
Change-house, *public-house.*
Chappin, *an ale measure, somewhat less than an English quart.*
Chiel, or chield, *a fellow; used frequently with respect and commendation; such as, a* fine chiel, *an* excellent chiel, *a* dainty chiel.
Claise, *clothes, wearing apparel.*
Clatter, *conversation, idle tattle.*
Clavers, *foolish stories* ... to claver, *to talk nonsensically.*
Claver, *clover.*
Cleading, *clothing, covering.*
Cleek, *to catch as with a hook, clasp, to twine together.*

Coft, *bought.*
Cozie, or cosy, *warm, snug, comfortable.*
Cowrin, *cowering, shivering.*
Crack, *to converse.*
Crackie, *talkative, conversible.*
Craig, *a rock, the neck or throat.*
Crap, *did creep.*
Crook, *a hook suspended over the fire to hang boiling utensils on.*
Croon, *a tune.* . . . to croon, *to hum a song or tune over.*
Cruce, *brisk, smart, bold.*
Cuppled, *coupled, joined together, wedded.*

D

Daddie, *father.*
Daidle, *to trifle, to be slow or dilatory in execution.*
Dainty, *fine, excellent, charming.*
Dander, *to wander to and fro, to saunter without premeditation.*
Daised, *stupified with drink.*
Daivered, *confused, muddled.*
Dinna, *do not.*
Dizzin, *a dozen.*
Dauted, *caressed, much made of.*
Doited, *imbecil, stupid, superannuated.*
Dool, *grief, sorrow.*
Dowff, *sluggish, dull, inactive.*
Dowie, *melancholy, sad, sorrowful.*
Dowing, *fading.*

Dree, *to suffer, to endure.*
Dreerie, *frightful, wearisome.*
Drowthie, *thirsty.*
Druken, *drunken.*
Dunted, *struck, knocked.*
Duds, *rags.*

E

Ear, or air, *early.*
Ee, *eye.*... een, *eyes.*
E'ening, *evening.*
Eild, *age.*
Eerie, *frightful, fearfully, lonely, dreading spirits.*

F

Fa', fa'ing, *fall, falling.*
Faes, *foes.*
Fain, *happy, glad.*
Fand, *found.*
Fardin, *farthing.*
Fash, *to vex, or trouble.*
Fauld, *fold, sheep-fold.*
Faut, *fault.*
Fause, *false.*
Fearfu', *fearful, frightful.*
Feckless, *feeble, silly, weak.*
Fell, *keen, biting, horrid.*
Fell'd, *killed, murdered, knocked down.*
Fidging, *fidgetting.*... fidging fain, *happy, even to agitation.*

Fireflaught, *flash of lightning.*
Firth, *frith, pasturage ground.*
Fleetch, *to coax, to flatter.*
Flyte, *to scold, to chide.*
Flet, *did scold.*
Flinners, or **flenders**, *splinters.*
Flunkie, *a servant in livery.*
Forgee, *forgive.*
Fou, *drunk.*
Frae, *from.*
Fu' *full.*
Fyke, *to be restless, to make unnecessary bustle about trifles.*

G

Gae, *to go;* **ga'en**, *has gone.*
Gade, *went.*
Gang, *go.*
Gate, *road, way, manner* . . . : **greygate**, *a worthless, wicked course of life.*
Gaun, *going,*
Gawky, *an idiotical, idle staring person.*
Gear, *riches, wealth, goods of any kind.*
Gie or **gie**, *to give* . . . **gae**, or **gied**, *gave* . . . **gi'en**, *given:*
Gif, or **gin**, *if.*
Girning, *grinning, to twist the features, snarling.*
Glaiket, *giddy, wanton, idle.*
Glaive, *a sword.*

Glinting, *gleaming, peeping, transiently shining;* pret. *glent.*
Gloaming, *the twilight, or evening gloom.*
Gleed, or glyt, *squint-eyed, blind of one eye.*
Glen, *a narrow valley between mountains, or steep banks.*
Gloom, *to frown, to scowl.*
Gowans, *daisies, dandelion,* &c.
Gowany, *flowered, daisied.*
Gowd, *gold.*
Gowden, *golden.*
Gowpin, *handful.*
Grane, *to groan, to grunt.*
Gree, *to agree, concord, prize* .... to bear the gree, *to be decidedly the victor or superior.*
Greet, *to weep, to shed tears* .... greeting, *weeping* .... grat, *wept.*
Gude, or guid, *good.*
Gudeman, *husband, master of a family.*
Gutcher, *grandfather.*

H

Ha', *hall.*
Haddies, *haddocks.*
Hae, *to have.*
Haffit, *the temple, the cheek, the side of the head.*
Haflins, *partly, nearly half.*
Hash, *a careless, slovenly person.*
Hairst, *harvest.*
Haiverel, *a foolish, idle babbler.*

Haivers, *nonsense, idle talk.*
Hale, *all, the whole.*
Hame, *home.*
Hamespun, *spun, or made at home.*
Handfu', *a word signifying difficulties in life, struggling with the world.*
Hap, *happen, occur.*
Harns, *brains.*
Harkened, *listened to.*
Haughs, *low lying rich lands, valleys.*
Heartsome, *blithe, happy.*
Hech! *Oh! strange.*
He'd, *he would.*
Heez, *to raise up, to elevate.*
Hempie, *a mad tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows.*
Hether, *heath.*
Hie, *high, lofty.*
Himsel, *himself....* hersel, *herself.*
Hinny, *honey, an epithet of endearment.*
Hirple, *to move slowly and lamely.*
Hooly, *slowly, leisurely, cautiously.*
Horning, *the name of a Scotch law paper.*
How, *a hollow, or dell.*
Howlet, *the owl.*
Howm, or holm, *plains, or nooks on river sides.*
Howt! *tut! poh! fy!*

Hummin, hummin liquor, *liquor, brisk, frothy, making a humming noise.*
Huntin, *hunting.*

I

Ilk, *each.*
Ilka, *every.*
Ingle, *fire.*
Ingle-cheek, *fire-side.*
I'se, *I shall,* as *I'll* for *I will.*

K

Kaimed, *combed.*
Kepp, *to catch a thing that moves towards one....* kept, *caught.*
Keek, *to peep.*
Ken, *to know.*
Kilted, *the clothes tucked up.*
Kin, *kindred.*
Kipper, *salmon corned and dried.*
Knows, *knolls, hillocks, or swells.*
Kye, *kine, cows.*

L

Laddie, *a boy, a youth, dim. of lad.*
Laigh, *low.*
Laith, *loth.*
Lamie, *dim. of lamb.*
Lane, *alone.*
Lanely, *lonely.*
Lang, *long.*
Langsyne, *long ago.*

Lap, *did leap.*
Leed, *lead.*
Links, *windings of a river, a large open plain or valley.*
Linkin, or linkan, *tripping along, walking briskly.*
Lint, *flax.*
Lintwhite, *flaxen, fair, a linnet.*
Lintie, *dim. of linnet.*
Loo, *or* loe, *to love*....loo'd, *loved.*
Loun, *rogue, villain.*
Loupin, *leaping, jumping.*
Lout, *to bend, to bow down making courtesy, to stoop.*
Lown, *calm, sheltered.*
Low, *flame.*
Lugs, *ears*....deeply laid their lugs, *a phrase denoting deep, or long drinking.*
Luve, *love.*

M

Mair, *more.*
Mak, *make.*
Maist, *most, almost.*
Manfu', *manly, bold, dauntless.*
Mauchless, *sluggish, listless, dull.*
Maun, *must.*
Mawin, *mowing.*
Marrow, *mate, fellow, equal.*
Maivis, *the thrush.*
Mealing, *a farm.*
Meikle, *or* muckle, *much, big, large, a great deal.*

Minny, *mother.*
Mirk, *dark*.... mirky, *darkening.*
Mither, *mother.*
Mony, *many.*
Mou, *mouth.*
Mouthie, *dim. of mouth.*

N

Na, *no, not.*
Naithing, *nothing.*
Nane, *none.*
Nappyliquor, *pretty strong, generous liquor.*
Neebor, neeboring, *neighbour, neighbouring.*
News, *newspapers.*
Niest, *next.*
Nick, auld Nick, *the devil.*

O

O', *of.*
Ony, *any.*
Owk, owkly, *week, weekly.*
Owre, *over, too, too much.*
Outowre, *beyond, over.*

P

Painches, *tripe.*
Pawkie, *sly in look, word, or action, witty, cunning without harm or design.*
Pick, *pitch*.... pick mirk, *pitch dark.*
Pith, *strength, might, force.*

Plack, *an old Scotch coin, in value the third of a penny Scotch, twelve of which make a penny English.*
Plewin, *plowing.*
Plisky, *a trick.*
Ploys, *rural amusement, or merry makings.*
Poortith, *poverty.*
Poutch, *pocket.*
Pou, *or* pu, *pull.*
Pow, *head, skull, noddle.*
Pried, *tasted.*
Puir, *poor.*
Pund, *a pound.*

Q

Quean, *a country wench, a hussy.*

R

Rair, *roar.*
Raise, *arose.*
Rashes, *rushes.*
Rave, *tore asunder.*
Raver, *a robber.*
Reaming, *frothing, creaming.*
Reekit, *smoked.*
Reckless, *or* rackless, *heedless, regardless.*
Rin, *run,* impter. *to run.*
Rizzard, *fish slightly salted and hung up for a day or two.*
Rocklay, *a long cloak or mantle.*
Roddickins, *part of the intestines of a sheep.*

Roose, *to praise, to commend.*
Rowpit, *exposed to public sale, or auction.*
Rowed, *rolled, wrapped.*
Rue, *to repent.*
Rug, *to tear, to pull violently.*

S

Sae, *so.*
Sair, *sore, hard.*
Saft, *soft.*
Sark, *shirt or smock.*
Saugh, *a willow, or sallow tree.*
Saul, *soul.*
Saut, *salt.*
Sax, *six.*
Scauld, *scold.*
Scaith, *or* skaith, *harm, hurt, injury.*
Sconner, *or* skunner, *to loath, to turn the stomach.*
Sel, *self.*
Shaw, shawing, *to shew, shewing....* shaw, *likewise signifies a small wood in a hollow place.*
Sic, *such.*
Shirpit, *weak, strengthless, spiritless.*
Siller, *silver, money, wealth.*
Simmer, *summer.*
Sin, *since.*
Sinfu', *sinful.*
Sinsyne, *since then, since that time.*
Skelpin, *to run, to walk briskly.*

Skelp, *to strike, to slap, to flog the buttocks.*
Skriegh'd, *screamed.*
Slae, *sloe.*
Slaw, *slow.*
Slee, *sly.*
Slocken, *to quench thirst.*
Sma', *small.*
Snaw, *snow.*
Snell, *sharp, bitter, biting.*
Sneck, *the latchet of a door.*
Snod, *neat, tidy.*
Snood, *the band for tying up women's hair.*
Sonsie, *plump, jolly, comely, fortunate.*
Sodger, *soldier.*
Sough, *the sound of wind among trees, any distant murmuring sound.*
Southlan, *southern.*
Speer, *to ask, to inquire.*
Spate, *or* spait, *a flood, or overflowing torrent.*
Span, *spun.*
Stalwart, *strong and valiant.*
Stane, *a stone.*
Stot, *to walk with a short irregular step to rebound...* a stot, *a bullock.*
Stark, *strong, stout.*
Staw, *or* sta', *did steal, to surfeit.*
Stedding, *the houses belonging to a farm.*
Steeve, *stiff, strong.*

Stown, *stolen.*
Straeberry, *strawberry* .... strae, *straw.*
Strack, *struck.*
Strave, *strove.*
Streeked, *stretched.*
Sweer, *loth, lazy, unwilling.*
Swith, *swift, quickly.*
Swither, *to hesitate in choice, irresolute determination.*
Synd, *to wash down, to rinse.*
Syne, *then.*

T

Tak, *take.*
Tane, *taken.*
Tane on, *enlisted.*
Tap, *top.*
Tartan, *cross stripped stuff of various colours, the Highland plaid.*
Tent, *care, caution* .... to tak tent, *to take heed.*
Thack, theeked, *thatch, thatched.*
Thae, *those.*
Thegither, *together.*
Thir, *these.*
Thole, *to bear, to endure.*
Thowless, *inactive, spiritless, lazy, heavy.*
Thraward, *cross, stubborn, froward.*
Thrang, *throng, a crowd.*
Thretty, *thirty.*
Thud, *a loud intermittent noise, a blast, a stroke.*

Tid, *tide or time, proper or fit time; a term used in agriculture.*
Tine, *to lose.*
Tint, *lost.*
Tirl, *to make a slight noise.*
Tither, *the other.*
Tocher, *marriage portion.*
Trig, *neat, tidy, spruce.*
Trou, or true, *to credit or believe.*
Tryst, *appointment.*
Twa, *two.*
'Twad, *it would.*

U and V

Unco, *strange, uncouth, extraordinary.*
Upshot, *end, conclusion.*
Vogie, *vain, proud of.*

W

Wa', wa's, *wall, walls.*
Wad, *would; a pledge, a pawn.*
Wadna, *would not.*
Wae, *woe*.... waefu', *sorrowful, mournful.*
Waes me! *alas! O! the pity!*
Wair, *to lay out, to expend.*
Walth, *wealth, plenty.*
Wame, *the belly, the womb.*
Ware, or war, *were.*
Wark, *work.*
Warld, *world*.... warldly, *worldly, niggardly.*

Warstled, *wrestled, struggled.*
Wat, *to wit*....I wat, *I wot, I know*....wat ye? *do you know?*
Wawkened, *awaked.*
Wean, *or* wee ane, *a child.*
Wed, *weeded.*
Wee, *small or little.*
Wee pickle, *a small quantity.*
Weel, *well*.... weelfared, *well-favoured, comely, handsome.*
Ween, *supposed, thought, imagined.*
Weit, *or* weet, *rain, wet.*
Weir, *war.*
Wha, *who*.... wham, *whom.*
Whar, *or* whare, *where.*
Whase, *whose.*
Whilk, *which.*
Whimpering, *wimpling, gurgling, whining.*
Whins, *furze.*
Whyles, *sometimes.*
Wi', *with.*
Winna, *will not.*
Window-broads, *outer window-shutters.*
Winsome, *comely, desirable, agreeable.*
Woo, *to court, to make love to.*
Wood, *mad.*
Wow! *an exclamation.*

Wrang, *wrong.*
Wreaths of snaw, *heaps of snow blown together by the wind.*
Wyte, *fault, to blame.*

Y

Ye, *frequently used for* you.
Yestreen, *last night, or yesternight.*
Yont, *beyond, farther on.*
Yoursel, *yourself.*
Yowe, *an ewe.*
Ye'se, *ye will, or shall.*
Youtheid, *youth.*

THE END.

Edinburgh,
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

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